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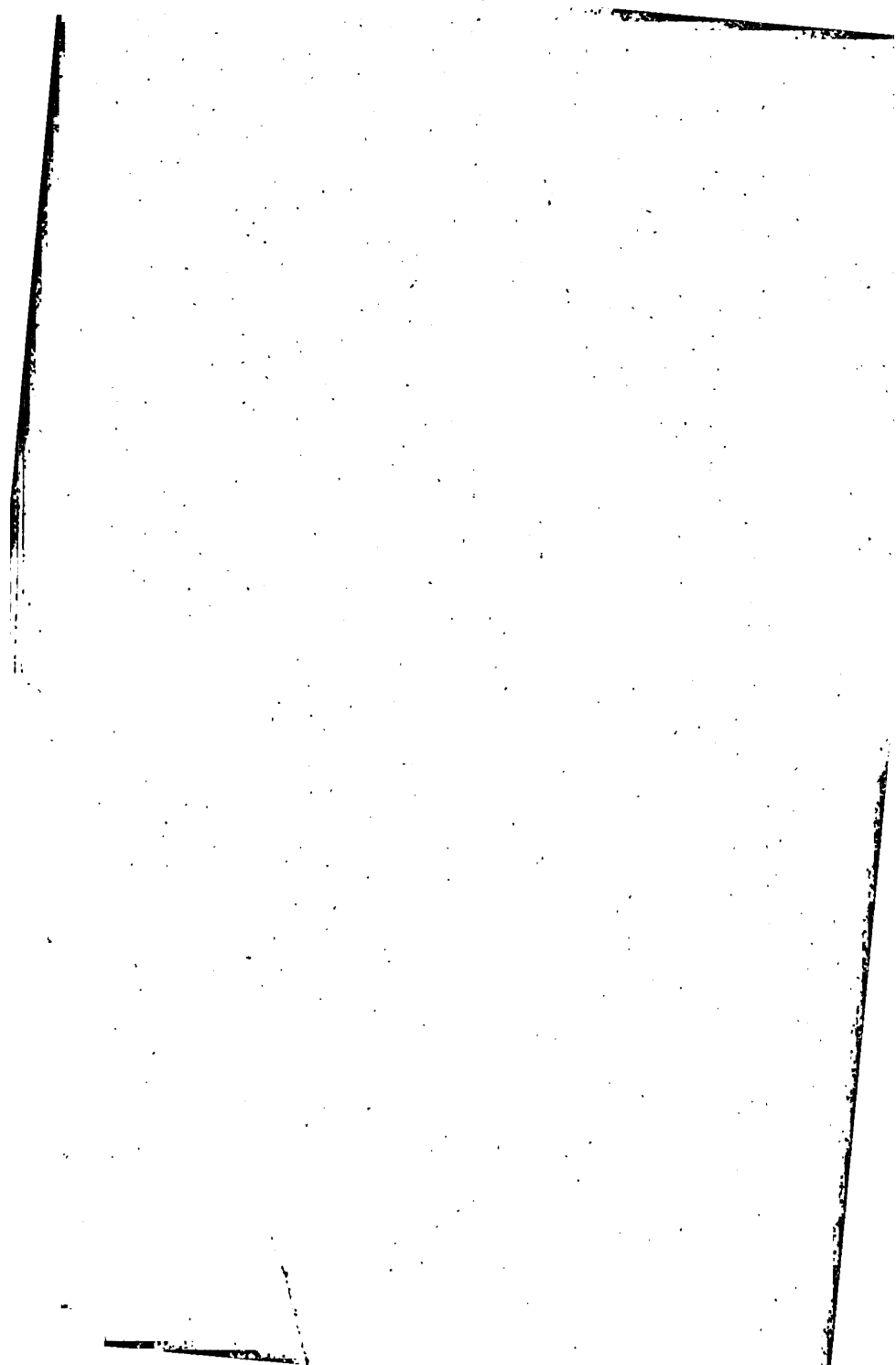
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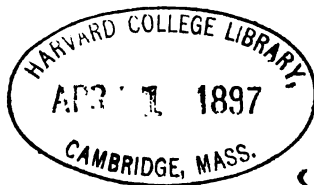
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THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE

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OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY

- 1.—To promote the study of the Russian Language and Literature.
2. - To form a library of Russian books and other works, especially interesting from an Anglo-Russian point of view.
- 3.—To take in Russian Periodicals and Newspapers.
4. - To hold monthly meetings, periodically, for the reading and discussion of suitable papers, writing and speaking in English or Russian being alike admissible.
- 5.—To promote friendly relations between Great Britain and Russia.

RULES :

1.—That the management of the Society be vested in a Committee, consisting of a President, Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, and five other members, and that of this Committee three shall form a quorum.

2.—That vacancies on the Committee be filled up by the unanimous vote of the Committee.

3.—That applications for membership be made to the Committee. Members will be admitted by the unanimous consent of the Committee.

4.—That members residing in or within fifteen miles of London shall pay an annual subscription of one guinea, and that those residing beyond that distance, or abroad, shall pay an annual subscription of half-a-guinea. Members residing in Russia may pay five roubles.

5.—That all subscriptions be payable in advance.

6.—That ladies may become members and take part in the debates.

7.—That honorary members and correspondents may be elected by the unanimous consent of the Committee.

8.—That visitors may be introduced, and take part in the proceedings on the proposition of two members, and with the sanction of the Committee. Visitors' names will be entered in a special book.

9.—That Annual Meetings shall be summoned and provision made for special meetings, if necessary.

10.—That members or others wishing to open debates, read papers, or give lectures before the Society, be requested to give notice to the Committee, allowing time to prepare the programme for each quarter in advance.

11.—That any questions of procedure not determined by these rules shall be dealt with by the Committee.

NOVEMBER 3RD, THE PRESIDENT in the Chair.

THE POETRY OF NEKRASSOV.

BY F. P. MARCHANT.

WHEN I undertook to arrange a few remarks on the works of a poet who is justly held in honour in his own country, I felt a certain diffidence as to my qualifications for such a task. Nikolai Nekrassov is distinctively a national poet, his is the voice of Russia, and the interpretation of his message could more appropriately and worthily have been executed by one of our talented members who belongs to the poet's country. Further, it is probable that some may be present who were acquainted with the poet, and who from advantageous positions followed attentively the appearance of his works and noted their influence on his countrymen. Such considerations as these presented themselves to my mind, especially when I remembered the gifted critics who have addressed us on Turgeniev, Gogol, Lermontov, and other constellations in Russia's literary firmament. I should like, before proceeding, to express my deep sense of gratitude to an honoured member of our committee, Mr. E. Delmar Morgan, for having directed my attention to so congenial a study as the works of Nekrassov.

The life of Nikolai Nekrassov was a prolonged struggle. The family possessed estates at Greshnevo, in the *gubernia* of Yaroslav, but on account of the gaming propensities of his immediate ancestors they had been considerably reduced. The poet's father was a military man, and his mother belonged to the wealthy Polish family of Zakrevski. Their marriage was a romance ; Nekrassov met her at a ball, eloped

with her after the style of young Lochinvar, and she was cast off by her parents. The future poet was born on November 22nd, 1821, in the Vinnitski district, Podolia. The home life was rigorous, the father a severe man. Young Nekrassov's first school was the Yaroslav seminary, from whence he was discharged for making satirical verses on the authorities. In 1839 his father sent him to the capital to complete his military education as a cadet in the Dvorianaki regiment. Some old fellow-students persuaded him to enter upon a University career, and thanks to the help afforded by Prof. Uspenski and Pletnev he passed the examination. The elder Nekrassov was furious at the news, and bade his son get his living as he could. He remained for two years at the University. His college life was one of privation and toil, and during this period he contracted an illness which always left its marks on him. Nekrassov dropped into journalism, and wrote for the *Invalid*, *Literary Gazette*, and Polevoi's *Son of the Fatherland*, besides composing vaudevilles. G. F. Benetski gave him opportunities of teaching and assisted him in the publication of his first book, "Fancies and Sounds." The veteran Zhukovski praised his work, but Bielinski and Nikitenko handled it unsparingly. This is how the book was reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*—

"The appellation 'Fancies and Sounds' exactly characterises these verses. These are not poetic creations, but the fancies of a young man, who is a master of verse and produces correct and regular sounds, but not poetical sounds. In time, we believe, he will be persuaded of this, and resigning the pen of the verse-maker will cease to amuse himself with fancies, and will rather devote himself to some practical work, to sciences, and will become a useful citizen."

From 1841 to 1845 was the darkest period of the poet's life. At length he made the acquaintance of Bielinski, Koni, and other noted men of letters. The all-powerful critic was favourably impressed by the courage and freshness of the young Nekrassov, and became his most valued friend. The circle of Bielinski consisted of philosophical theorists,

men who looked to the West rather than to their own country; the honoured names of Zhukovski and Lermontov were somewhat out of date, and Gogol had gone abroad. It was Nekrassov who introduced Dostoievski with his "Poor Men" to Bielinski, crying—"A new Gogol has appeared." "With you," was the answer, "these Gogols spring up like mushrooms." In 1847 Nekrassov and Panaev purchased Pushkin's "Contemporary" of Pletnev, and Bielinski became a paid contributor. The position of the critic was somewhat difficult, for his friends hoped that he would have shared editorial honours with Nekrassov; as it was he was always reproaching the poet or his own friends. However, the cordial relations subsisting between the poet and the critic were never broken off.

About 1856 the poet suffered a serious illness, from which it was feared he would not recover, but medical skill availed to save him for many years of literary labour. The "Contemporary" ceased to appear in 1866, and Nekrassov took two years' rest. The first signs of the last illness appeared in 1875, increasing in violence next year. Strangely enough Nekrassov remarked that the doctors, who had predicted his death in 1856, were hopeful, and a successful operation on his throat prolonged his life for some months. When not in physical agony the poet never ceased to read and write regularly. The end came November 27th, 1877 and so great was the popular affection for the deceased bard that four thousand people witnessed his funeral in the Novodievitchi Monastery; among the number was Dostoievski.

Nekrassov has been called the Russian Crabbe, in that he is a realist who strives to interpret and explain nature, life, the world, and humanity as they are, without æsthetic or romantic gilding. The fame of George Crabbe, author of "The Library," "The Village," "The Parish Register," is undisputed, but his poems are now but little read. Though

such competent judges as his contemporaries Burke, Wordsworth, Byron, and Scott, recognised his merits, Crabbe has been long relegated to the niche in the literary temple allotted to "respectable" authors: the term "respectable" in popular usage too often connoting boredom and platitude in addition to the quality or qualities it denotes. In the words of Prof. George Saintsbury—"Crabbe is one of the first and certainly one of the greatest of the 'realists' who, exactly reversing the old philosophical signification of the word, devote themselves to the particular only."* Crabbe is very minute in detailed description, in fact his elaboration is sometimes tedious. His usual vehicle is the ten-syllabled heroic metre employed by his master Pope, but while in Pope's hands this measure is sounding and vigorous, the lines of Crabbe are frequently tame and monotonous. Crabbe is an unwearied analyst and a painstaking artist, but Nekrassov is something more. The eminent critic just cited (Saintsbury) denies that Crabbe is a poet, as there is no music in him, Carlyle says that true poetry is "musical thought,"† and Goethe asks—

"Wodurch bewegt der Dichter alle Herzen?
Wodurch besiegt er jedes Element?
Ist es der Einklang nicht, der aus dem Busen dringt,
Und in sein Herz die Welt zurücke schlingt?"

Heinrich Heine, with his everlasting *Liebeskrankheit*, is melodious in his *Lieder*, so is the contemplative Lamartine in his *Harmonies*. Nekrassov tunes the lyre, but his notes are of the plaintive order, in the minor key which we associate with the Slav. Besides his music, Nekrassov had a vein of humour, a quality in which Crabbe was deficient. He seems to have had a predilection for Lermontov, though the author of "The Demon" cannot be considered as Nekrassov's master.

**Essays in English Literature*, Crabbe.

†*Heroes and Hero Worship*, The Hero as Poet.

Our poet's range of subjects is limited, his eye concentrated on the particular rather than sweeping over the universal, but if his themes are but few his heart and mind are not narrow; his sympathies are more catholic than appears on a superficial glance at his works. There is this difficulty in attempting a classification of Nekrassov's poems: if we divide them strictly into patriotic, social, satirical, or personal, the same poem may be classed under different headings. It has been well said that "genuine poetry, though the highest expression of its author's individuality, nevertheless, like the fauna and flora of the natural world, is at the same time redolent of its native soil, and bears the impress of the region which gave it birth."* This applies to the world-poets Shakspeare, Dante, Gæthe, each breathes unmistakeably the spirit of his native land, and it is eminently the case with our poet. The limits of time and space will prevent my making a detailed examination of individual poems, but, with your permission, I will mention a few distinctive types illustrative of Nekrassov's genius and sympathies.

Of his patriotic poems, "The Schoolboy" (1856) is very popular, and is usually inserted in school-books. The poet inspires the small boy who finds lessons a weariness to the flesh with the thought that a poor Archangel peasant—presumably Lomonossov—became great and wise through his perseverance. Nekrassov is proud of a country that has produced so many good, noble, and intensely-loving souls. The same pride is expressed in "The Unhappy Ones;" there is depth in the song of the convicts—translated by Dr. John Pollen—who console themselves under dreary toil with the thought that Russia will grow rich through their labours and that their descendants will bless them. Dostoievski tells us that Nekrassov used to recite extracts

*Miss A. Swanwick, *Poets the Interpreters of their Age*, Spain.

from this poem to him, saying: "I thought of you when I wrote that." "The Hymn" (1866) is a beautiful prayer that the Lord of all might preserve the country's freedom and right judgment, that there might be a thirst for knowledge, and that the way to knowledge might be made free for the chosen ones to whom a standard of enlightenment had been given. "To the Sowers" (1876), is an encouragement to those who sow the seed of knowledge in Russia; the country appreciates their efforts, though the harvest may be delayed. In "Calm" (1857) Nekrassov expresses delight at returning home after a sojourn abroad, foreign scenes, however bright and pleasant, cannot cheer a Russian's grief; Russia is a temple where groans are heard such as never resounded through St. Peter's or the Colosseum.

The satirical element is very decided in our poet. He does not often laugh, but rather smiles like Jove on his Olympian throne. As a child, he tells us that he read everything, and everything he read he imitated. This is noticeable in "A Cradle Song" (1846), an imitation of Lermontov's matchless Cossack cradle song; in this Nekrassov satirises a roguish *tchinovnik*, but not ill-humouredly. "A Moral Man" (1847) greatly delighted Bielinski, who wrote to Turgeniev: "What talent this man has and what an axe his talent is!" The hero is a Tartuffe-like personage who professes that he never does any harm, but whose inflexible morality allows him to see others suffer without pity. "A Philanthropist" (1853) is related by an unfortunate individual who applied to a wealthy philanthropist for relief; when asked what he wanted he was unable to answer directly through embarrassment, and being considered intoxicated was shown the door. This is a satire on those benevolent individuals who proclaim their own virtues and yet judge by appearances; who write how the world should be reformed and yet cannot tell a hungry

man from a drunkard. Nekrassov projected and made great progress with a lengthy poem entitled "For whom it is good to live in Russia" (1873). Seven peasants make a vow that they will never return home until they have solved this problem, and being supernaturally provided for they travel from place to place, inquiring of people of all classes, among others a priest, a soldier, and a small proprietor. There are many humorous sayings and touches. When the small proprietor tells the peasants about his genealogical tree they ask whether apples grow on it. Uspenski asked the author the solution, which remained a mystery, and guessed a certain character. The poet smiled and answered "*pia-no-mu*." The peasants were to return home, enter a tavern, and find the man they wanted. A journal caricatured Nekrassov amid comfortable surroundings, with the line below "For whom it is good to live in Russia." We are so accustomed to think of the great nature-poet, who sang the people's sorrows and his own, that his strong vein of humour is apt to be lost sight of. His satire never stings like that of Swift or Sidney Smith; Nekrassov has not the sneering curl of the lip, but the twinkling eye and the broad smile.

Turning to the most beautiful side of the poet's character, which shines out in a steady, gentle light through his poems, he held the memory of his mother in the deepest veneration and affection. This lady had been brought up in an atmosphere of comfort and refinement, and her married life was far from happy. The husband, "*vlastelin*" (governor), as his son calls him, was an austere soldier who kept everyone beneath his heel. The mother idolised young Nikolai, and her influence on his life was for good. In "The Birthplace" (1846), he describes his home, a dull, dreary place; he reproaches his father for making his mother suffer; the servants envied the life of the dogs, and tyranny ruled. "A Knight of the Hour" (1860), is a high tribute to his

mother's memory; he visits her tomb and recalls all her love and prayers. In 1877, when the end was near, Nekrassov wrote "Mother"; he relates that she used to tell him tales of knights, monks and kings, and that when he came to read Dante and Shakspeare he recognised teaching which had been familiar to him as a child. He complains that in this mocking, contemptuous age the grand, holy word "mother" does not awaken any feelings in a man, but he himself has learnt to despise custom. He describes his feelings on a visit to the old home,—he found memorials of her, but she was gone. He confesses that whatever good he has accomplished, if his life has been a struggle after the ideal of virtue and beauty, if his songs bear profound traces of living love, then it was his mother who inspired him and saved his soul alive. If his songs live, she will be immortal, and a visitor to the poet's tomb, breathing a sigh for him, will breathe one for her. Other poems referring to Madame Nekrassov are "The Heavy Cross" and "The Recluse." When the poet lies on his death bed, it seems as if his mother's angel-spirit comes to comfort him amid physical pain, like the angels in Pope's "Vital Spark" ("Baiouskibaïou," 1877). She bids him come away to receive the crown of his works, the crown of a monarch, and prophesies that he shall see Russia free, proud and happy. Nekrassov's filial tenderness enabled him to sympathise with other mothers, as in the little piece—"As I think of the Horrors of War" (1854), and in "Orina" (1863), the mother who grieves for her soldier-son.

Nekrassov was fond of children, to whom he dedicated several poems. One of his most pathetic is: "The Cry of the Children" (1861), taken from an English poetess. This can be no other than Mrs. E. B. Browning, whose "Cry of the Children" called attention to the dismal lives of little factory toilers.

Like Turgenev, Nekrassov was an ardent sportsman. He enjoyed the chase with dog and gun, and could ride the most spirited horse. His hunting expeditions were employed to extend his acquaintance with the people. In "A Chase with the Hounds" (1846), the poet says that the music of Rossini and Beethoven is not to be compared with the chorus of dogs, and that the soul is asleep and lost that does not love the chase. He would have revelled in Weber's famous chorus in *Der Freischütz*—"Was gleicht wohl auf Erden dem Jäger Vergnügen?"

May I mention here a few poems in which Nekrassov expresses his views on poetry and his own work. In "The Muse" (1851), he complains bitterly of her heartless treatment; she taught him affliction and enabled him to publish his sorrows to the world. One critic remarked that with Nekrassov *indignatio facit versum*, and another that his was "A Harpy Muse." As years went by the Muse was regarded more as his friend, and only expired when the poet breathed his last. He laments his hard life in "The Holiday of Life: my Youthful Years" (1855). He dares not flatter himself that his poetic efforts will be remembered; in spite of their living, burning love there is no creative power.

With the approach of death the poet's voice grew more melodious; physical pain could not check the strains of the dying swan; like those Norse warriors of old, Harold Hardrada and Ragnar Lodbrog, the poet expired in a blaze of song. Nekrassov's last effort was "O Muse, I am at Death's door," a note of triumph; though much in error, and though people might magnify his faults a hundredfold, he bade the Muse weep not, for his lot was to be envied; the living tie of blood between himself and honest hearts would not be lightly torn aside. The poetic ideal which Nekrassov placed before himself is to be found in the "Imitation of Schiller"

(appendix), a direction to select high and noble types and clothe them in a suitable form.

Nekrassov's best known and most important works have not been mentioned, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to place them under special categories. His limitations were voluntary, and I think there are signs that his powers were capable of great expansion. In "In the Hospital" (1855), the poet pities poor writers brought there; for one who rises a thousand die in the contest. The lugubrious reflections have caused this poem to be styled a sickly or convalescent one. Dostoievski said of the autobiographical poem "On the Volga" (1860), that it was of the Byronic spirit and tone, and I remember that while reading it, before seeing the novelist's comment, I seemed to hear the ring of some parts of "Childe Harold." The life of the bargees is graphically depicted, and Nekrassov wept bitterly when he found that this was a river of slavery and sorrow. There is great delicacy of feeling and sympathy in "A Cheap Bargain" (1862): a lady, who had furnished her house beautifully at her marriage, sees her goods disposed of by a forced sale; so precious had they been to her that she raises the price above their commercial value. "Frost Red-Nose" (1863), cannot be omitted. It is dedicated to Nekrassov's sister, whose devotion to him was like that of Dorothy Wordsworth to her brilliant brother. The scenes of "Frost Red-Nose" are laid amidst humble life. The funeral ceremony and the grief of the mourners for the deceased Prokl are vividly related, with the dirge of the peasants and the oration of the *starosta*. In the second part of the poem the central figure is a young widow in the woods, she talks to her husband as if he were alive about home anxieties and the children; there is an allusion to the rural game "sowing poppies," which resembles our venerable "Queen of the May." The widow shudders as she sees

a crow perched on the monastery, and then follows an elaborate account of the funeral of a young nun. The stout *voievode* Frost, grim as Gæthe's *Erkönig*, sings of his love ; he attires his subjects in diamonds, pearls, and silver, he invites the widow to reign with him as *tsaritsa* in winter, to sleep in summer. This artistic poem undoubtedly shows Nekrassov's power at its best ; so lifelike is it, that we can feel the chilly breath of the frost-king through our veins. The self-denying heroism of two devoted ladies is revealed in "Princess Trubetskaya" and "Princess Volkonskaya" (1871-72). Their husbands had been banished to distant Siberia, and though, unlike Lady Nithsdale, they were unable to procure their release, they journeyed in the face of terrible dangers and difficulties to cheer their exile. At the house in Moscow of her talented sister-in-law, Madame Zenaide Volkonskaya ("the Northern Corinna"), Princess Volkonskaya met Odoevski, Viazemski, and above all Pushkin ; there is a pretty tale of the poet, the nightingale and the cypress. Among Nekrassov's memorial poems are an affectionate epitaph on Bielinski and a eulogy of the merits of the critic Dobroliubov, a contributor to the "Contemporary."

The standard of Nekrassov's poetry is generally uniform. The above selections have been made at random, and many remain of at least equal merit, but I trust they may be considered as fairly representative of his genius. Nekrassov disapproved of the practice of printing all the productions, childish attempts, album verses, good and bad indiscriminately, of a poet after his death. He destroyed all note books containing such, and carefully supervised each edition. He was continually revising and amending, like a painter or sculptor who withdraws his works from view in order to present them fairer than before, and in consequence there

are often several versions and texts of the same poem. We are reminded of Boileau's lines :—

"Hâtez-vous lentement; et, sans perdre courage,
Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage;
Polissez—le sans cesse et le repolissez;
Ajoutez, quelquefois, et souvent effacez."*

A peculiarity of Nekrassov was to put in brackets after the titles of some of his poems "from Barbier," "from Heine," or some other name, as if to convey the idea that his pieces were translations.

In conclusion, how can we best sum up the characteristics of the poetry of Nekrassov, and what is the value of his teaching? He is the poet of the poor, especially of the country poor. He enters into and knows their hardships, and in his analytic delineations of peasant life he makes no attempt to idealise or etherealise its "short and simple annals." He does not invest his peasants with a halo of romance, like Gray in his "Elegy," Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village," or like Burns in the "Cottar's Saturday Night." There is something of the spirit of Nekrassov in Wordsworth's poems: "Michael," "The Female Vagrant," and "The Last of the Flock." Nekrassov has created no brilliant heroes or heroines; he is observant, then descriptive, but not constructive. The words of DeVoguë may well apply to Nekrassov's types—"quelques portraits pris au hasard peindront tous ses frères. Ainsi de leurs esprits: une âme est représentative de beaucoup plus d'âmes que chez nous." Though a realist, Nekrassov never offends or revolts as Burns sometimes does. He is without the severity of Hogarth, to take an example from the realms of art; the brutality noticeable in certain characters painted by the Flemish master Jordaens is absent from Nekrassov's types. There are no ethereal regions, no feudal battle-fields, no

* *L'Art Poétique*, first canto, lines 171—4.

Arcadian meadows, no fairy princesses, no gallant knights to destroy enchanters and dragons. In accordance with Nekrassov's scenes and themes there is a background of melancholy as gloomy as that shade against which the great Rembrandt delights to throw his portraits; a more mournful melancholy than that of *Il Penseroso*, but yet not the "loathed melancholy" of *L'Allegro*. The subjective sorrow is rarely absent, and its influence is clearly traceable in the colouring of the objective. A favourite metaphor with the poet, occurring repeatedly, is the "crown of thorns." Principal Shairp declares that "lyric poetry, for the most part, is the vivid expression of personal experience."*

Nekrassov is differentiated from Crabbe in that he can sing, as well as by his strong sense of humour. Our poet could no more help singing than the Ayrshire plough-lad, or the Ettrick shepherd, or the poet of the "Excursion." Though the horizon of Nekrassov is restricted, it is wider than that of Crabbe; ours is a national poet, the Aldborough parson more a parochial one. Unlike some men of genius Nekrassov was at ease in society; he was cosmopolitan, at home on the heath or in the street of the city, in the shepherd's hut or the banker's salon. Though a man of considerable culture, his range of reading is not apparent on a casual glance at his works, as is strikingly the case with Pushkin, but is revealed on examination. The stories of Nekrassov's mother did not produce the same impression on him as did the tales of his aged nurse on Pushkin, or as the traditions and legends of his grandmother and aunt did on the juvenile Walter Scott. Brought up in the romantic region of the Tweed, Lammermuir, Ettrick and Melrose—places consecrated by the memory of Thomas the Rhymer and the legends of Yarrow—nourished on Bishop Percy's "Reliques," the "Wizard of the North" developed into the

* *Aspects of Poetry*, p. 228.

great feudal and heroic poet and novelist. Russia possesses a wealth of heroic tales with which Nekrassov must have been acquainted, but his Muse has passed them by and his lyre left them unsung.

A hard life, poverty, and ill health made Thomas Carlyle stern, disagreeable, and cynical, but Nekrassov was never soured by his trials. He is never bitter or resentful like Byron. In the words of DeVoguë—“*le réalisme devient odieux dès qu'il cesse d'être charitable,*” and there is a deep love of human nature in Nekrassov. There is an independence of spirit about himself and his characters; he does not desire alms or patronage either for them or for himself. He loves to speak of his “proud spirit.” The testimony of Dostoievski is sufficiently striking: quoting the poet’s early line—“In my pocket is a million,” the novelist continues—

“A million,—this was Nekrassov’s demon. Did he then love gold, luxury, delights, so much that in order to have them he plunged into ‘practicality?’ Nay rather, this was a demon of quite another character; this was the darkest and most humiliating demon. This was the demon of pride; of thirst for isolation, a desire to fence himself off from men of a certain type, and to regard their malice and menaces independently and calmly. . . . This was a thirst for a dark, tremendous, solitary self-security—so that he might depend on no-one.”

May I express the opinion that, had Nekrassov’s early life been happier and had he enjoyed the advantages of wealth and leisure, his gifts might have raised him to a high rank amongst European poets. His style is dignified, graceful, and simple. His ideals are lofty and his aims noble, but does he not dwell too much upon the earthly and the human? It must be confessed that his general tone and tendency are pessimistic, he has little or nothing encouraging to tell us, he does not inspire much hope, except very rarely, as in “The New Year” (1852). This appears to me the main defect in Nekrassov’s poetry. A proof of his popularity, however, his hold on the hearts of the people, and their esteem

for the singer, are shown by the number of letters and marks of affection received as he lay on his last couch. The poet considered himself destined to sing of his country's sorrows and to throw some light on the way God was leading her; he could only, he said, do this with tottering steps, and the only way for him to show a patriot's love was by his verses; he asked pardon for his shortcomings on account of his kinship with the people.

Dr. Samuel Johnson said:—

"Poetry, indeed, cannot be translated, and therefore it is the poets that preserve the languages."*

In the course of an address on Milton, Matthew Arnold remarked:

"Verse translation may give whatever of charm is in the soul and talent of the translator himself, but never the specific charm of the verse and poet translated."

Applying these statements more particularly to our subject, the eminent French writer, already quoted, is of opinion that

"Les poètes Russes ne sont et ne seront jamais traduits. Un poème lyrique est un être vivant d'une vie furtive qui réside dans l'arrangement des mots; on ne transporte pas cette vie dans un corps étranger."

These weighty utterances notwithstanding, our gifted fellow-member, Dr. John Pollen, has successfully translated several of Nekrassov's poems in his "Rhymes from the Russian." There are other translations in the collection of "Russian Lyrics" by the Rev. C. T. Wilson, and recently some by an American University scholar appeared in our "Proceedings"—all members of the A.R.L.S.

It is a commonplace that poets are "inspired," but we instinctively recognise degrees of inspiration, though to determine these does not fall within the province of the canons of science, and not always, I think, within those

* Boswell's *Life*, vol. III. c. i.

of literary criticism. It is given to few to be world-poets, geniuses who command the homage of the highest and best in every land and for all time. For poets like David, Solomon, and Isaiah of old, whose songs—fresh from the Source of all that is best and noblest—find an echo in our hearts and souls and are destined to survive as long as man needs a revelation of what a great modern philosopher and statesman calls—

“The Reality beyond our reach, the half-seen vision of transcendent Truth,”*

how many voices have sung and passed with their songs into a land “where all things are forgotten!” But the function and aim of a true poet—one who sees and interprets life and truth best, and provides something which shall elevate and sustain—are of such importance that we, as citizens of the world, know not the measure of our indebtedness to him. To all such we would say, in Wordsworth’s lines, engraved on his monument in the Baptistery, Westminster Abbey—

“ Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The Poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !”

MR. E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS said that he felt he had nothing to add to the admirable and exhaustive paper of Mr. Marchant, who seemed to have saturated himself in Nekrassov literature and thoroughly mastered it. Mr. Hodgetts regretted that the lecturer had made no reference to the peculiarities of Nekrassov’s versification. To the mind of Mr. Hodgetts it seemed that one of Nekrassov’s great merits was that his poetry was so thoroughly national. He had done for the Russian peasant very much what Burns had done for the peasantry of Scotland, while in many

* The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., *The Foundations of Belief*, p. 289.

respects the national significance of his work might be compared with that of Chaucer, especially with the *Canterbury Tales*. Nekrassov had besides taken the national popular versification common to Russian folk-lore, and had raised it to the level of elegant literature. This was a great merit. Of course, it might be contended that Lermontov had rendered similar service. But after all, his legendary poems belonged to the realms of romantic literature, whereas Nekrassov had dealt with actual contemporary life and its problems. Mr. Hodgetts then referred to the pessimistic strain which is found in all Nekrassov's writings, and pointed out that this was a common feature of all Russian literature. Russian literary men seemed to have ever present to their eyes the hardships of the peasantry, and to reproach themselves with their own comparatively easy life. This feeling was found to exist among all Russian educated classes, more or less, and in Count Tolstoi we had an eminent example of it. Russia was still a young country, and social conventions had not yet become fixed. People thought that manual labour was the only form of work which, by being productive, deserved universal respect. It was curious that Nekrassov, who was an exposé of abuses, should have enjoyed the patronage of exalted personages; but it was a lasting testimony to the large-mindedness of the rulers of Russia that the Emperors of that country protected him. The reverence of the Emperors of Russia for the poet who idealized the hardships of the peasantry, was a beautiful historical incident.

Mr. E. DELMAR MORGAN complimented Mr. Marchant on the thorough study he had made of Nekrassov, and the lecturer returned thanks to Mr. Morgan for having lent him some works about that poet, without which he could not have written the paper.

The PRESIDENT expressed the gratitude of the Society to Mr. Marchant for his excellent lecture, and observed that besides Bielinski, perhaps the best Russian critic was his (Mr. Cazalet's) old friend Alexander Petrovitch Milukov. The following is a condensed translation of the latter's opinion :—

"Nekrassov's poetry exposes the artificial state of Society in its various phases, the degraded position of the people, labouring under the yoke of poverty and ignorance, the sufferings of the humiliated and the oppressed, and the despotism and hypocrisy of wealth and power. His satire is a living echo of his time. He asks the question : 'What is the reason that for so many centuries man has been poor and wretched?' In Nekrassov's poetry there are two great currents: the national and the cosmopolitan. One of the principal themes of the first was serfdom, which was already on the wane. He often shows his sympathy for the serf, and refers with indignation and irony to the master.

But with the abolition of serfdom its past evils did not disappear, and the hard life of the *moujik* remained in many respects unaltered.

The traces of long oppression and exhausting labour continued to be visible in the barbarous habits of the people, in their ignorance and family despotism, in their poverty and drunkenness. He says of the peasant and the sailor on the Volga : 'As I knew you formerly, so I see you now. You always sing the same song and drag the same tow line, and in the features of your weary face is the same unalterable servile submission.'

He writes with the following feeling sympathy of the neglect and suffering of peasant children and of those who pine away in the towns and factories : 'It was not our fate to walk along the meadows and on the golden fields; the live long day we turn and turn and always turn the factory wheels.'

The sunny side of Nekrassov's poetry expresses the hope of a higher and a better future in the life of the labouring classes. He describes the love of the peasant woman for her son, the patient toil of the country workman; he discerns human feelings in the convict, and rejoices in the poor child which thirsts for knowledge. In dealing with the higher orders of society, the satire of Nekrassov exposes vice and luxury in a tone of bitter sarcasm and withering irony. He recalls the sufferings of his own youth and the despotism and disorder of his father's house in the following terms : 'My life flowed amid feasts of senseless show and luxury, of low dissipation and petty tyranny, where a multitude of downtrodden and servile servants envied the existence of their master's dogs and horses.'

He refers with bitterness to the *absentee*, the selfish and effeminate petty nobleman with his French cook and his Russian title of Count, who considers the condition of the degraded *moujik* under the paternal supervision of the German overseer as quite satisfactory. Having shot a snipe in his hereditary bog, he leaves his estate and returns to Paris to waste his money and his time. Nekrassov declares that his Muse is

the morose companion of suffering and sorrow-stricken beings, born to struggle and to labour.

Although Nekrassov's verses are to some extent artificial and perhaps not very artistic, in which reflection rules over feeling, and in which there even exists a prosaic form of verse, they have none the less procured the author a great popularity, and have placed him on a level with the principal Russian poets.

He certainly was one of the most complete exponents of the ruling spirit and of the prevailing ideas of the contemporary society of his country."

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE RUSSIAN.

BY F. P. MARCHANT.

FAREWELL.

From Nekrassov.

FAREWELL! Think not of days of ill,
 Of sorrow, anguish, evil will,
 Think not of storms, think not of tears,
 Recall no longer jealous fears!

But when the beauteous light of love
 Smiled sweetly on us from above
 When cheerily we went our ways,
 O bless and ne'er forget those days!

From the same.

* * *

I GAZ'D upon thy tomb, my dearest,
 My friend of weary, weary days.
 And once again in thought thou cheerest
 My soul with brighter, purer rays.
 I suffer'd much in years departed,
 In soul and body tired and faint,
 I met thee: but, though broken-hearted,
 I bore the yoke without complaint.
 Relief from gloomy thoughts I never
 In thy sweet words and smiles could find;
 They only serv'd to madden ever
 My heavy, sick, and tortur'd mind.
 I thought—a soul so free, uncaring,
 Can never pity one so ill!
 The load on my poor heart despairing
 Weigh'd heavier, crush'd me longer still.
 Alas! that time is past recalling,
 From errors youth is never free,
 It knows not grief, with no tears falling,
 Joy without smiles it cannot see.

But thou hast died, storms rage no longer,
 Another fair one I did know,
 But memory brings me clearer, stronger,
 Thy tears and smiles of long ago.
 But, though those days with grief were sadden'd,
 I hold their memory precious, dear,
 For then my soul was strengthen'd, gladden'd,
 And lighten'd of its burden drear.
 I ask myself, with deep reproaches,
 'Why did I not esteem her more?'
 In fancy's view thy form approaches
 As fresh and youthful as of yore.
 Thy fair locks wave, thy bright eye beameth,
 'Thou sayest—'cheer thy heart again!'
 But more thy tuneful laughter seemeth
 Than tears, to plunge my soul in pain!

THE BRANCH FROM PALESTINE.

From Lermontov.

BRANCH of Palestine, the story
 Of thy birth and beauty, say,
 Of what hill or vale the glory
 Were thy leaves and blossoms gay?
 Thee, by Jordan's limpid fountains,
 Did the Eastern sunbeam bless?
 Thee, on Lebanon's great mountains,
 Did the night-wind's love caress?
 Salem's sons, with sorrow smitten,
 As they twin'd thy leaves with care.
 Sang they songs, in old times written?
 Breath'd they then a gentle prayer?
 Is thy parent-palm yet living
 Where the summer sun beats down,
 Still to desert-travellers giving
 Shade beneath her broad-leaf'd crown?
 Or, thy faded palm-tree sighing,
 Wither'd at thy parting, grieves,
 While the thirsty dust is lying
 Thickly on her yellow leaves?
 Whose the reverent hand that bore thee
 From thy country to this place?
 Wept he often, bending o'er thee?
 Have those hot tears left their trace?
 Was he of God's host the flower,
 Shone his cheek with rapture bright,
 Worthy heaven—like thee—each hour
 In his God's and comrades' sight?

Branch from Salem, guard unsleeping
 Of the golden ikon fair,
 Watch before the holiest keeping,
 Thou art weigh'd with silent care!
 Beauteous twilight, lamp-beams o'er thee,
 Full of peace and comfort, shine;
 Ark and cross repose before thee,
 Symbols of a love divine!

GRATITUDE.

From Lermontov.

FOR EVERYTHING Thou sendest I am grateful,
 For everything: for passion's secret woes,
 For burning tears, distilling poison hateful,
 For calumnies of friends and wrath of foes!
 For warmth of soul, in desert wastes expended,
 For all that in my life has led astray,
 I pray Thee, that my days may be extended
 A little longer still my thanks to pay!

A NEW REIGN, OCT. 21st., 1894.

(Written after the Funeral of Alexander III).

BY I. HENRY HARRISON, OF ST. PETERSBURG.

1.

THE Great Pacificator's dead,
 And Russia sadly bows her head
 In resignation to the dread decree,
 For on her rolls his name will live,
 And the world's homage to it give
 Praise from all flattery free—
 Sweet charity abided in his heart,
 Wrong and abuses had in him no part;
 Bent on reform, progress, and amity.
 The hand is cold that kept the world to peace,
 But hearts are warm, and ne'er shall cease
 In Russia, England, France,
 To beat, as they recall the evil chance
 That robbed them of a Sovereign, Friend, Ally;
 That death-scene, soothed by Wife and Son,
 And all the anguish of a nation's tears,
 Much good hath done
 Hath shown a stout heart can death's darts defy,
 Though barbed by pain's worst constant agony,
 And that a Tsar, though unfulfilled his years,
 Can so have ruled his life
 Apart from evil and from strife,
 That while they grieve, true men shall scarce refrain from cheers.

II.

And then, amid the sorrow
 There came a brighter morrow ;
 The Father's will in death,
 The last thought on his breath,
 Was piously obeyed ;
 The Son unto the altar led
 The only one he cared to wed,
 By the example swayed
 Of his ancestral line,
 Not one of whom hath come alone
 To sit on Rurik's throne,
 For it hath ever been a sign
 Between the nation and the Tsar, within
 The land of Russ, that their best stay
 In life is bound up with the marriage day,
 And that their surest hopes in home begin.

III.

And in the glad acclaim
 That peeled upon the air
 In welcome to the wedded pair,
 We Englishmen could hear a name
 Dear to us as our own ;
 Victoria's Grandchild was the Bride,
 Victoria's Daughter was her Mother,
 And never shall earth see another
 Worthier to be a nation's pride ;
 Than she who gave her life to still a moan.
 But ears not dulled heard something more,
 A note that pierced that wild uproar
 With welcome thrill
 Of coming friendship and goodwill.
 Just as the Two walked side by side
 Behind the funeral car,
 Great Britain's Heir and Russia's Tsar,
 So may their countries move, two fast-bound friends !
 Neither hath interests, neither should have ends,
 Provoking or involving war ;
 United, they against the East may bar
 All ways to injure what the West defends.

IV.

Then may fulfilment crown the dream,
 Seen of thy Sire, and may it brightly beam
 On thee, great Heir of All the Russias, may
 Europe, on some far distant day,
 Pay *Thee* the debt she now hath paid to *Him*,
 For that thou wast the stay of peace,
 That all of best in Russia did increase
 Under thy loving rule,
 Thou'st learned the way of it in a happy school—
 And to another Tsar the nations sound their hymn !

THE FOREST.

By KOLTSOFF.

In memory of Pushkin.

TRANSLATED BY L. HENRY HARRISON.

WHAT doth the silent wood
 Dream of so pensively?
 What is the sorrow that
 Hides in its mystery?

Why dost thou, Knightly One,
 Under its charm's spell,
 Head undefended
 Hold 'gainst the wind-stroke?

Standing there shamedly,
 Letting the storm-clouds
 As they pass momentarily
 Burst on thee savagely?

Thy helmet of green leaves
 Bound fastly together,
 Is whirled from thee far off
 And scattered to dust;

Thy boughs, as a mantle falls,
 Lie all around thee;
 Thou standest ashamedly,
 Forced to submit thee.

Where hath vanished now
 Speech that was mighty,
 Strength that was prouder than
 All a king's bravery?

A night there hath been for thee,
 A calm night within which
 Thou heardest the nightingale's
 Deluge of song

A day there hath been for thee,
 Triumphant, forgetless—
 A friend and an enemy
 Sought thy cool freshness;

'Twas late in the evening,
 And loud blew the storm-blast
 Of Him that was speaking
 Unto thy detractor,

His wrath drove the clouds off
 That round thee had gathered,
 His love clung around thee
 Like wind-gusts, but warmer.

Thou said'st to the other,
 With voice that clanged loudly,
 "Go, fall back beyond me!
 Go, leave me in peace!"

That voice of His dizzied,
 As tone on tone sounded;
 Thy very depths trembled,
 Their stoutest trunks reeling.

Then, startled from silence,
 To life thou awakest;
 A whistling of tempest
 Re-echoed throughout thee;

'Tis the cry of the wood-sprite,
 A witch's note shrilling,
 Until the loud rumble
 Is borne away seaward.

Where now all thy glory
 Of verdure and leaf?
 Thou'st put on dark clothing
 Of rain-mist and grief;

Wild art thou and silent,
 But, when the wind quickens,
 Thy plaint sadly peals out
 For Him lost untimely.

And so, thou dark forest,
 Life long has thou harassed
 The Knightly, the Noble,
 To combat for thee.

Against thee prevailed not
 Those stronger than thou art;
 Life's autumn in Him, though,
 Seemed cruelly short.

The woods know in dreamland,
 That forces of evil
 Their malice did spend on
 Who least had deserved it;

From off Knightly shoulders
 A head hath been struck—
 Not by a hero's hand,
 But by a recreant.

Koltsoff was a sheep dealer and shopman, only had four months' schooling, and when he began to write could hardly spell, yet he became a national poet, and the singer of the life of the peasants. He wrote best without rhyme.

The great difficulty in translating "The Forest" is caused by what has been most praised in the poem; when he speaks of the forest, the image of Pushkin is also represented, and in alluding to the poet the forest is never forgotten. All this is implied, never once distinctly expressed, and the transitions from one point of view to another are abrupt.

The following may serve as an instance of Koltsoff's way of treating the incidents of a peasant's life.

BETRAYED BY A BRIDE.

WARM the summer sun in heaven,
But for me no heat it giveth!
Frozen is the very heart's blood,
'Through the bride that played me false.

Grief's black pall hath fallen o'er me,
On my sorrow bowed-down head;
Mortal anguish tears my soul, and
From this body would it break.

Neighbours asked have I to help me;
No man gave me aught but laughter;
Then, to the grave of either parent—
Neither heard the voice I called with.

Light then changed for me to darkness,
Senseless on the ground I lay,
Dull the night, until a tempest
Roused me from the tombstone cold.

Raged the storm—a horse I saddled,
Bent on riding—God knows where—
Life is heartless toil to laugh at,
Man's fate evil alone to share.

DECEMBER 1st, 1896, the PRESIDENT in the chair.,

SAKHALIN AND ITS EXILES.*

By Prof. B. DOUGLAS HOWARD, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.S.E.

THE country under consideration is an island beyond the eastern coast of Siberia, bounded North and East by the Okhotsk Sea, West by the Gulf of Tartary, and South by the Straits of La Perouse. Its latitude is 45° to 54° , and is bisected by 142° of longitude. So late as 1850, maps published by Gall & Inglis, Edinburgh, depict this country as a promontory of Chinese Manchuria. Formerly called Karapto, or Karafuto, it did not come into complete possession of Russia till 1875. Although it has a coast line almost equal in length to that of England, it has not one safe natural harbour, nor scarcely one safe anchorage. The country is generally hilly, but with no mountain over 3,000ft. high. The larger part of the country is covered with forest, but of a stunted growth. I did not see a single tree there of large dimensions. Much of the soil is of the tundra kind, but many of the valleys have patches of moderate fertility, in which grass, rye, barley, &c., are grown with fair success. Although the winter is of about eight months' duration, with a temperature sometimes touching 40° below zero, the Governor's garden in Korsakoffsk yielded our table a plentiful daily supply in summer of potatoes, peas, and other vege-

* Dr. Howard very wisely spells Sakhalin and not Saghalien.

tables, also numerous hardy flowers. There are two natural phenomena for which this Island should become distinguished. Though apparently a link in a chain, stretching from below Japan up to Kamchatka, notoriously volcanic, it seems not only now but always to have been exempt from such action.

Next, the contradiction between its latitude and its climate is very notable, for Korsakoffsk has a latitude almost the same as that of Genoa. The larger part of the year the Island is exposed to a north-easterly wind, direct from the North Pole ; also to tremendous ocean currents corresponding, which are laden with ice when it is moveable. Hence its climate, and hence the harbourless nature of its coast. These factors, with its geographical position, render it extremely inhospitable, and for ordinary purposes practically inaccessible. It is hence, for security, as if made for a natural out-door prison. Between the years 1871 and 1876 alone, over 5,000 exiles in Siberia proper escaped from a single province. The more incorrigible of these have, since 1875, been deported to Sakhalin, whence escape is practically impossible.

Many Siberian travellers have tried to get to this Island, but in Korsakoffsk, the most distant of the settlements, I was told I was the only foreigner who had ever passed a night there. Having been invited there as a private guest of the Governor for an indefinite period, my opportunities for observation may I think be said to have been unprecedented. As I accompanied him on all his long and short tours of inspection, I saw what he saw, also I saw some things which for obvious reasons he did not. The maximum punishments as well as the minor ones all came under my observation. As you know, however bad the worst things which have ever been alleged against Siberia, those reported about Sakhalin are ten times worse.

Here allow me to give one piece of advice. Whenever you read or are told this or that about Siberia, do not believe it until you know the narrator himself saw it. This may prove to be very unromantic in its effect, but as an old traveller it is a rule I find indispensable for safe guidance. The large powers necessary to prison officials at those great distances make possible almost anything, therefore I would venture to deny nothing. I could talk for many hours of the things I actually saw, the question, which for our own good, it is best perhaps I should answer is this—What did I learn from what I saw?

Answer: 1st—As regards the principles underlying the system of exile, I find much it were good for us to imitate.

2nd—In its general mal-administration by Russia, I find much to reprobate. The objective point in the Russian system is—How to get out of the criminal the largest possible profit to the State?

The English system asks—How, at any cost, can we most thoroughly *punish* the criminal? Compare the results.

At a cost of several millions a year, we punish, and punish, and punish, completely unfitting the prisoner for ever again gaining an honest living. Filled with hate and a sense of wrong, the rest of his life has but one object, revenge. This is the genesis of the habitual criminal, of which one prison has 70 per cent. in its occupants. We sow the wind and thus reap the whirlwind.

The Russian system on the contrary can point to a country as long as England added to its territory, not an acre of which was previously under cultivation. It can point to the Trans-Siberian Railway, which never could have been contemplated but for the penal colonization which paved the way for it and made it practicable. This railway, which is now the envy of the world, without a single armed encounter, will give England a postal service to China

and Japan nearly three weeks quicker than it is to-day. I have nothing to say in defence of the scandals of the Siberian system, but you see there are two sides and we may as well look at them both.

To the English system there is but one side, with little to recommend it or to justify it. From beginning to end I regard it as a gross mistake.

The President, on returning the hearty thanks of the Society to Dr. Howard for his most interesting and instructive extemporary address, observed that it was one of the best and most original lectures which had ever been given before the A.R.L.S.

Dr. Howard's "Life with Trans-Siberian Savages," in which he described the hairy *Ainus*, the original inhabitants of the island and the supposed ancestors of the Japanese, was a book which he (the President) had read with almost breathless interest. What the lecturer had said about the penal settlement was more favourable to the Russian administration than Anton Tchekhov's "Island Sakhalin," which had recently been published at St. Petersburg.

SKETCH OF THE PROVINCE OF YAKUTSK, SIBERIA.

By B. A. GEBLER.

Translated from the Russian by JAMES M. WILSON.

AT the meeting of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society of the 7th April, Mr. Ovsiankin, of Vladivostok, gave a very interesting account of Siberia as a whole, and specially as a land of enormous mineral wealth.

In the present sketch I wish to call your attention to a portion of Siberia which, even in the eyes of natives, is supposed to be not very unlike what the whole of Siberia is in the imagination of foreigners—I speak of the province of Yakutsk.

This province, extending over not less than one-third of Asiatic Russia, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions of square versts, has only 265,000 inhabitants. Of these not more than 17,500 are Russians, the rest belonging to sundry local tribes. This shows how insignificant has been the increase of population, by means of colonisation, up to the present time, and if from the above small number of Russians were deducted the political and criminal exiles, there would not remain more than 9,500 free colonists, in a territory eight times larger than that of the whole of Germany. Of course, of all Siberia Yakutsk has the worst climate, and if it is not the very coldest portion of the earth's surface, as Middendorff asserts, still, the latest observations of scientific men have

shown that it is one of the coldest. In the district watered by the rivers Vila, Olének, and Yana the temperature has been noted as low as -68°C , the lowest degree registered on the earth's surface. In Yakutsk they talk of still greater cold on the Verkhoyansk Range of Mountains and in Keruly, about 500 versts further east. As, however, Yakutsk extends over 22 degrees of latitude, the climate cannot be expected to be uniform; and it is not the severity of the climate which is the main cause of the absence of life and productiveness of this province, it is the want of the human vivifying agency of man—that mighty factor in the progress of agricultural countries such as Yakutsk. Successful attempts have already been made with wheat, barley and rye, and even as far north as Bereseff, in the province of Tobolsk, similar satisfactory results have been obtained.

In any case it may be expected that Yakutsk, naturally extending its mining industry and proportionately increasing its mining population, will become rather a consumer than a producer of agricultural articles, which will be easily obtainable from Southern Siberia by means of water communication, which is peculiarly adapted to the conveyance of grain.

Mr. Yavoroffsky, an engineer, who has studied the question of the export of grain from Siberia, is of opinion that the competition of the latter on the corn markets of European Russia (to say nothing of Europe in general) will be incalculable, as may be seen by a comparison of the average prices of corn for the last few years in Siberia and in European Russia.

It will thus be seen that the rush to share in the export of corn from Siberia is already leading to over-production and an economical crisis, shown by the fall in value of all agricultural produce, which again tells heavily against the

new immigrant who is, of course, unacquainted with the local industries of the province, such as the fur trade, or carriers' business, &c.

From all this it is clear that what Siberia requires, especially in view of the new railway now being constructed, is not producers but consumers of corn and other agricultural articles, who would thus be free to devote themselves to the metallurgic resources of their country. Of such men a large number would be found in Yakutsk, as pointed out in the Report of the Yakutsk Statistical Committee of 1895.

In the Museum of Yakutsk are numerous specimens of the remains of the gigantic primeval animals of the country, mammoth, rhinoceros, primeval ox, musk ox, etc., which abound in this province and constitute a considerable article of its trade. According to Middendorff, writing fifty years ago, the remains of not less than 20,000 mammoths had been found during the preceding two hundred years. The work is easy, and indeed may be said to be within the powers of any man who is possessed of a good knife or hatchet.* That cannot be said of the *minerals* of Yakutsk, which require expensive mining instruments to get at them.

The valleys of the Lena-Vitim and Olekma are all more or less rich in gold, and being covered with masses of ice and snow during the winter, have in many cases ground down the original rocks, and even removed the gravel and sand from their primeval positions. The consequence is that the positions of the layers of the auriferous sands are very irregular, as also the forms in which the gold shows itself, ranging from the largest nuggets to the finest sand. Unfortunately, the great expense of the carriage to the spot of machinery for mining, and even of provisions and the

*This spring, at Tomsk, after the usual freshets, there were found, in the high banks of the river Tom, mammoth bones, together with some traces of human remains, regarding which a Report will be presented by Professor Kaschenko to the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

ordinary necessities of life, interferes very much with industrial operations in these districts. Sand, yielding only 1 zolotnik of gold out of 100 *poods* of sand is not considered worth washing; 3 zolotniks are considered a fair average, but the yield varies, even in the same lot, from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $12\frac{1}{2}$ zolotniks, or from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ zolotniks per 100 *poods* of sand.*

The subject of gold mining has been properly studied only of late years. Mr. Obruckoff has shown that many mines in this district yield much more gold than the majority of the washings, but that in the present state of this industry in Siberia, and specially in this district, it is not possible to utilize the gold from quartz, grey chalcedony, and other matrixes. The waste in the process of smelting was found by Mr. Tikhomiroff to be 52 zolotniks in 100 *poods*. In other words, the waste rejected in smelting was twenty-six times more valuable than the sand which was so carefully washed in the other process! In 1893 the produce of the Olekmo-Vitim district was 701 *poods* of gold, about $11\frac{1}{3}$ tons.

From the geological structure of the country there is reason to anticipate the discovery of extensive auriferous districts, even in the most northern portions of Yakutsk. The expedition of Mr. Brusnitzin, which left for the Lena in the middle of May, may probably throw some light on this question. The expedition is quite exceptional in the number of its members, and in having been commissioned by the Academy of Sciences, the Geographical Society, and the Department of Mines, to extend its enquiries into questions of paleontology, ethnography, geology, and meteorology, and to pay particular attention to the platino-auriferous beds on the river Aldana, a tributary of the Lena.†

*1 *pood* = 36 English lbs. and 1 zolotnik = 0.15 oz.

† I understand that the crews of the steamers of the expedition are to arrive from England, *via* Reval, and thence by land to Iigalovo (the landing stage for steamers on the Lena, about 400 *versts* from Irkutsk), the starting point of Mr. Brusnitzin's expedition.

I cannot say how far the auriferous plains of Siberia may exceed those of California, Australia and Africa taken together, but, in any case, there can be no doubt that the present desert of Yakutsk will become the principal source of the production of gold, as soon as it can be supplied with an active and industrious population.

There can also be no doubt that this province contains vast supplies of silver; this was proved even during the last century. Iron was known to exist there in large quantities and of superior quality, and was worked by the natives. Coal also was easily obtainable, but was not wanted, as there was an endless supply of fuel from the boundless forests. But, while nature has richly endowed this province with stores for future generations, as yet it remains, as even the convicts themselves say, a wild country—the very end of the world—where the inhabitants are not like human beings but resemble the wild beasts. But while these convicts express themselves so contemptuously of the country and its natives, they are themselves the greatest curse to the people among whom they live, and by whom they are supported.

A “Hailah” (for by that name a Russian convict is known in Yakutsk) treats with contempt the gentle native, and is convinced the latter is bound to find board and lodging for himself, the Hailah, who wanders about the country, scarcely ever doing even a little agricultural work. The author of “Sketches of Life in the Extreme North-East of Asia”* observes justly enough on this subject:—

“After Miss Marsden’s journey to Yakutsk, a number of kindhearted people set to work to help a few dozen lepers in those districts. That was all very well, but would it not be better to contrive means for freeing not a few dozen but the whole population of Yakutsk from a not less dreadful plague, which is undermining the whole economical and moral position of the province—I mean the Hailah?”

* Published in the *Siberian Commercial Almanac* for 1896, Romanoff, Tomsk.

Besides Mr. Brusnitzin's expedition, another, down the Yenisei, has started quite lately under the management of Mr. Emilianoff at the cost of the Russian Gold Mining Company, to examine the auriferous sands in the lower parts of the river.

In Tomsk, this summer, in the month of June, the foundation will be laid of a Technological Institute. We shall thus have two Higher Grade Educational Establishments in our town.

THE RUSSIAN ZEMSTVO.

By CAPTAIN F. W. P. MACDONALD, I.S.C.

BEFORE considering the question of the "Zemstvo" it will be as well for us to remind ourselves that for administrative purposes Russia is divided into fifty-three Gubernias, the administrative head of each of which is a governor, that each "Gubernia" is divided into "Ooyezds," and each "Ooyezd" into "Volosts." For the purposes of this paper, and for the sake of illustration, we may translate "Gubernia" by the word "Shire," and "Ooyezd" by the word "District."

DEFINITION OF THE OOYEZDNOE ZEMSTVO.

"Zemstva" are of two kinds—"Gubernskiya" and "Ooyezdniya." The "Ooyezdnoe Zemstvo" may be defined as a "Committee representing the landowners, peasantry and other people having interests in a district, upon which devolve certain duties in connection with the administration of that district." The "Gubernskoe Zemstvo" is a like committee for the Gubernia.

The Zemstvo obtains in thirty-four "Gubernias" only in what we may call Russia proper. In Poland, the Caucasus, the Cossack provinces, and in Asiatic Russia, it is not known. Finland has its own laws.

The members of the "Zemstvo" may be broadly divided into two classes, viz:—

- (i.)—The representatives of the gentlefolk, and
- (ii.)—The representatives of the peasantry.

The number of members is laid down by law.

I. FORMATION OF THE OOOYEZDNOE ZEMSTVO.

A. (i.)—Every corporation and every person over 21 years of age possessed of, or having a life interest in and paying land tax on, a certain area of land in a district (this area is laid down by law and often differs in every district of the same Government) or of any other real estate valued at not less than 15,000 roubles, is entitled to vote at the election of the "Zemstvo." Ladies having votes (it will be a pleasant surprise to many that Russian ladies have at least an elector's share in the administration of their district)—ladies having votes are represented at the elections by their fathers, husbands, sons, sons-in-law, brothers-in-law, nephews, and grandsons. Minors are represented by their guardians and persons between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five by persons appointed by them.

(ii.)—Every ten persons, each of whom is possessed of or has a life interest in landed property in area not less than one-tenth of that laid down by law as the area carrying with it the privilege of voting at the election of the "Zemstvo," or possessed of other real estate valued at not less than 1,500 roubles, may conjointly elect a representative, who shall be entitled to vote at the election of the "Zemstvo." Such electors I will call "petty land-owners."

B. The representatives of the peasantry are elected as follows:—

Every collection of ten houses is entitled to elect a representative to vote at a meeting of the "Volost." This meeting shall elect one member of a committee of all the "Volosts" in the Ooyezd, and this committee shall elect from among its members the number of peasant representatives of the "Ooyezdnoe Zemstvo" allowed by law, plus two.

Let me recapitulate the foregoing.

(a.)—Every ten houses of the peasantry elects a representative to vote at a "Volost" meeting. This meeting elects a representative to vote at a meeting of all the "Volosts" of the "Ooyezd." This meeting elects the number of peasant members allowed by law for the "Ooyezdnoe Zemstvo" plus two.

(b.)—The "Petty Landowners" elect representatives, who together with the landowners elect the gentleman members of the "Zemstvo."

In addition to the members thus elected,

(i.)—The person in charge of any crown lands which may happen to be in the district is *ex officio* a member of the "Zemstvo."

(ii.)—A representative of the clergy, if the clerical authorities desire it, and

(iii.)—The mayor of the district town is, if necessary, elected.

The "Zemstvo" is now formed, except that we have two more peasant members than is allowed by law. On the submission

of the list to the Governor, he strikes out the names of those two, who, in his opinion are likely to prove least efficient. The remainder, with the other elected members under the presidentship of the "Chief of the Nobility" for the district, constitute the "Ooyezdnoe Zemstvo," which is elected for three years.

The "Zemstvo" now proceeds to elect an executive committee, ("Ooyezdnaya Zemskaya Ooprava,") consisting of a president and two members. Powerless of itself, the duties of this committee consist in carrying out the resolutions of the "Zemstvo." Once a year there is a general meeting of the "Zemstvo," but extraordinary meetings may be held when necessary.

The "Goubernskoe Zemstvo" is a committee composed of members of the several "Ooyezdniya Zemstva" under the presidentship of the Governor. The "Goubernskoe" like the "Ooyezdnoe Zemstvo" elects an executive committee, ("Goubernskaya Zemskaya Ooprava.")

II.—DUTIES:—

- (i.)—The administration of all receipts both in cash and kind and of all funds and other property of the "Zemstvo."
- (ii.)—Insurance against famine, and distribution of help allowed by law to those in want.
- (iii.)—Upkeep of roads, roadside buildings, towing paths, erection and maintenance of wharfs without town limits and measures for the improvement of local means of communication.
- (iv.)—Institution and upkeep of local postal services.
- (v.)—Direction of local insurance of property.

- (vi.)—Direction of charitable and medical institutions, care of the poor and incurably diseased, of orphans, cripples and of the insane.
- (vii.)—Protection of public health, the prevention and stamping out of cattle disease, the development of medical aid for the people and conservancy.
- (viii.)—Public education *and that amount of direction allowed by law** in the administration of schools and the educational establishments kept up by the “Zemstvo.”
- (ix.)—Promotion of trade, industry, and agriculture and the protection of land against pernicious insects and wild beasts.

III. PROCEEDINGS.

The presence at “Zemstvo” meetings of half the members, and if the number of members is less than twenty, the presence of at least ten is necessary to make the proceedings valid. Each member is entitled to one vote which must be recorded personally. Should the number of votes be equal, the president has a casting vote. The proceedings are entered in a book and signed by the president and members.

IV. CONTROL.

All “Zemstvo” resolutions must be submitted to the Governor and may be divided in 3 classes:—

- (a.)—Those which require no sanction.
- (b.)—Those which require the sanction of the Governor.
- (c.)—Those which require the sanction of the Minister of the Interior.

* This is worthy of note; the italics are mine.

Resolutions which come under head (a) take effect within fifteen days of the date of the receipt of the proceedings by the Governor, if he does not within this period veto them on the ground that they are either—

(i.)—contrary to law or without the jurisdiction of the “Zemstvo” or

(ii.)—opposed to the general welfare of the State or to that of a local population.

In the first case he must, within a further period of fifteen days, submit them for decision to the “Committee for Local Affairs” (a standing Committee whose duties are to aid the Governor in administrative work). Should the local Committee reject the resolution the “Zemstvo” may refer the matter to the Senate.

In the second case the resolutions of District “Zemstva” must be laid by the Governor before the next general meeting of the “Gubernskoe Zemstvo.” If the opinion of the “Gubernskoe Zemstvo” agrees with that of the Governor the resolution is finally rejected, if not, the matter is submitted for decision to the Minister of the Interior.

Resolutions of “Gubernskiya Zemstva” vetoed because they are opposed to the general welfare of the State, or to that of a local population, are submitted by the Governor to the Minister for the Interior with a report by the “Committee for Local Affairs.”

Such “Zemstvo” resolutions as may require the sanction of the Governor and to which he is unable to accord his sanction are laid by him before the Committee for Local Affairs.

If the majority of this Committee agrees with the Governor the resolution is rejected and returned to the “Zemstvo”

with a statement of the reasons why it cannot be confirmed, but if the majority of the Committee disagree with the Governor the matter is submitted for decision to the Minister of the Interior.

The Minister of the Interior either confirms all resolutions submitted for his sanction or forwards them with a report as to the necessity for rejecting or altering them. In this latter case the Governor concerned who submitted the resolutions must be informed within six months of the date of the receipt of the proceedings. The report is forwarded in certain cases to the Imperial Council—in others to the Committee of Ministers.

I have given a brief, but, I think, intelligible description of the Formation, Duties, and Control of the "Zemstvo." I think it will be conceded by all that the principles on which this institution is based are good. How they work practically I am unable to say. It seems fair to assume that a very great deal depends on the Zemstvo itself and on the relations which it maintains with the Governor. I can only quote the words of a Russian landowner—a friend of mine, who hopes soon to be a member of his own district "Zemstvo." He says, "The principles of the 'Zemstvo' appeal to me strongly. What I object to is, that although the most detailed statements are made as to what a 'Zemstvo' *may* do, nothing is said as to what it *must* do." Presumably then, "Zemstva" may be as idle as they please.

The combination of control and permission to appeal strikes me as worthy of note. As we have seen, a "Zemstvo" resolution may, in almost every case, be carried up, either to the Minister of the Interior or to the Imperial Council, and at the same time even those resolutions which do not require the sanction of higher authority are, in certain cases, subject to veto. In Russia, as in every other country, there must be a great number who want their Home Rule uncontrolled—

quite irrespective of their fitness or non-fitness to rule themselves, and I have no doubt that to such the control of the "Zemstvo" is very distasteful, but there can be no doubt that it is necessary. Instance the case of the "Zemstvo" which, a few years back, carried into execution resolutions passed by itself for the construction of local railways. A striking instance, no doubt, of activity and desire for progress. Unfortunately, however, the scheme proved a complete and hopeless financial failure, and the "Zemstvo" was burdened with a debt which it could never hope to pay. This happened before the bringing into force of the rules now under consideration. Instance again the case of the "Zemstvo" the members of which, fired with a desire to appear more liberal-minded or more highly civilized than their neighbours, took up the question of the whippings inflicted on offenders by village tribunes. At the open ballot the majority of members was found to be for the abolition of the whippings; but a closed ballot having been suggested and taken the majority was found to be on the other side! The matter, after having attracted a storm of ridicule, was found, on submission to higher authority, to be without the jurisdiction of the "Zemstvo," and is noteworthy as showing how necessary it is to control the actions of Committees which show such evident signs of pliability and weak-mindedness.

I am afraid that to a very great many the subject which I have chosen for this paper must appear exceedingly uninteresting, but when I remember the many novels and stories which I have read in which the scene is laid in Russia and of which the authors seem to know as much about Russia as an ordinary man knows of the Vedas, I am in hopes that even to those not interested in administrative matters an introduction, however dry, to the institution of the "Zemstvo" may not be altogether useless.

JANUARY 5TH, 1897.—The PRESIDENT in the chair.

A CURSORY REVIEW OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE FOR THE YEAR 1896.

By L. DE BOGDANOVITCH.

Translated from the Russian by F. P. MARCHANT.

EIGHT months ago an event happened, important not to my country alone but possessing a world-wide significance, an event of an eminently peaceable character,—the Coronation of the Emperor Nicholas II., Autocrat of all the Russias, in the realm of his ancestors. Besides princes of the different reigning houses of Europe, special ambassadors and representatives of territorial powers, who were present at the fêtes in Moscow on the occasion of the Sacred Coronation, there were representatives of that sixth great power which we call the “Press.” Not only our Society, in the name of its unique and supremely noble aims, but the whole of England and the whole of Western Europe are very desirous of a *real* acquaintance with my country, its people, *sentiments and aims*, and as some members of our Society very kindly proceeded to Moscow on that occasion, in addition to the representatives of the English Press, they performed, and still perform, no slight service to the Society and the nation at large by their faithful accounts of what they saw and heard. At the dinner given in Moscow, to the representatives of the Press in Western Europe, in the course of the various toasts and speeches, Mr. V. C. Krivenko remarked, among other things:—

“However vast the throng at Moscow, it is insignificant compared with that world which attentively follows all that is taking place at Moscow, and closely regards all that happens in Russia. The Press representatives will transmit the incidents by means of the pen, pencil, and brush. Thousands have beheld—millions will read. For this reason the Press must be the champion of truth. The justification for

what is now taking place is comprehended in the love of the people for their ancient Sovereign, given to them by God as the Father of His people. *In that mutual love lies that unity between the monarch and his subjects which furnishes that power which Russia displays."*

These concluding words of Mr. V. C. Krivenko bear a profound significance, which I will permit myself to explain in a few words: the Tsar is an emblem of trusting, thinking, sentient, and active Russia, and his love to the nation is an emblem of the love of thinking Russia for her younger brother—the people, in the strict sense of the word—a love constraining intelligent Russian society more and more every year according to the measure of the development of a national self-consciousness—a love which now constitutes itself the *life* of Russia. The Press and life have been and always will be organically connected, and for this reason the whole of our literature in recent times has regarded itself as *popular*, in the highest and purest sense of that word, and popular interests, equally with national, are now recognised by all organs of the Press, irrespective of camps and parties, of which, however, strictly speaking, we have none. In love for the people there are scarcely any features which are unimportant and immaterial. At present the labours of the best forces, old and young, in Russia are devoted to the ordinary life of the people, their wants, advantages, views of the world, to a sympathetic and many-sided study of reality.

Glancing at Russian literature, it will be advisable to speak almost exclusively upon our periodicals, our monthly journals, since editions of works in the form of separate books, such as we are accustomed to see in Western Europe, (except strictly scientific works on technical and special questions) are very little circulated in Russia for many reasons: above all, because the publication of a separate book entails great risk. This risk is run both by those authors enjoying a considerable literary reputation, and by

those novices who are unable to find space for themselves in the columns of the numerous Russian journals. During the past year appeared the pretty *Sbornik* (collection) of the productions of twenty-nine young poets of Russia, students of the St. Petersburg University, issued by them for the benefit of their indigent comrades. Three prefaces to the *Sbornik* were written by three *coryphées* of Russian literature and poesy,—D. V. Grigorovitch, A. N. Maikov, and Y. N. Polonski, of whose works a complete collection, among others, was published in the same year. In his preface D. V. Grigorovitch said:—

“Subsequently to that time has appeared a number of separately published books in verse and prose, bearing new names, but it does not follow from this that Russian literature is enriched by these new names; all of these, with some rare exceptions, have mistaken their vocations and labour under hasty, restless desires to let the world know of their existence, time-serving and self-opinionated, based upon no real foundation.”

Thus the authors who have not mistaken their vocation, and whose good opinion of themselves has some genuine foundation, see their productions in the journals, and as there are considerably more of them than of *coryphées* and novices, it follows clearly that, apart from the relative number of editions of separate books from Western Europe and the numerous editions of the daily press, we surpass the West in the quantity of monthly journals and their proportionate number of books. I feel it my duty to emphasise the fact that I am speaking exclusively of monthly journals.

Up to 1895 we had the *Viestnik Evropi* (European Messenger); *Russki Viestnik* (Russian Messenger); *Russkoye Obozrenie* (Russian Review); *Sievernii Viestnik* (Northern Messenger); *Nablioudatel* (Guardian); *Knizhki Nedyeli* (Little Books of the Week); *Russkaya Misl* (Russian Thought); and *Russkoye Bogatstvo* (Russian Wealth); without counting special journals such as the *Istoricheski Viestnik* (Historical Messenger); *Russkaya Starina* (Russian

Antiquary); *Russki Arkhiv* (Russian Archives); *Voprossi Filosofii i Psichologii* (Philosophical and Psychological Questions); and journals consisting exclusively of translations from foreign languages. In 1895 was revived the *Russkaya Besieda* (Russian Chat), which had not been published for a long time, the organ of pure Slavophilism, proving that this party had not expired, as was supposed, but on the contrary had become powerful beneath the blows inflicted upon it by other influences; and in 1896 (from October 25th), the *Novoye Slovo* (New Word), began to appear, on the editorial staff of which were such eminent publicists as V. V. Nicolai—he and S. N. Krivenko are well known for their former participation in the *Russkoye Bogatstvo* (Russian Wealth), which, at the same time, passed into the hands of V. T. Korolenko, a writer held in high esteem by Western Europe generally, and by the Anglo-Russian Literary Society in particular. The *Novoye Slovo* shows extreme sympathy with popular tendencies, but if it has not yet spoken a *new word* it does not by any means repeat words forgotten and dead, as the journal soberly deals with a whole series of certain ripe questions closely related to Russian life, devoting a prominent position to economic questions, among others to a series of monographs written as circumstances may require, for example, V.V., on “Economic Materialism on Russian Soil,” in which the expert sociologo-economist exchanges polemics with N. Bolshov.

In March, 1896, first appeared in Tashkend the *Sredniasiatiski Vestnik* (Central Asian Messenger), a journal, as its title declares, devoted to the literature and interests of Central Asia, thereby filling a wide gap in our journalism. This journal immediately enlisted for itself the sympathy of the public, and for myself—having remarked with pleasure that the editor-publisher, E. T. Smirnov, has become a

member of this Society—I can recommend the *Sredniasiatiski Vestnik* to all who are interested in Russian Central Asia.

Among the various changes in our monthly journals must be mentioned a notable one, viz., the transfer of the *Russki Vestnik* (Russian Messenger), the oldest Russian journal, to the hands of M. M. Katkov, and the first number under his editorship—one of special interest—was published in November. There is no doubt that this journal, which has greatly declined of late, will improve and again occupy its rightful position.

What have the last twelve months of the literary year brought to us? What have they contributed to the national treasury of published works of language and thought, which constitute the spiritual nourishment of the people?

Of the *coryphées* of Russian literature, Count L. N. Tolstoi has issued nothing since "Master and Man," which is well known to English readers, but D. V. Grigorovitch has presented us—in the columns of the *Russkaya Misl* (Russian Thought)—with the narrative "Picnic" (*folle-journée*), in which he describes, in his usual skilful, brilliant style, the follies of a life blunted by the luxurious, besotted mode of existence of the St. Petersburg aristocracy,—a life destitute of reflection and interest,—a life sacrificed exclusively to Mammon. From a literary point of view the eminent writer's narrative is unquestionably brilliant, but it offers nothing new either to our hearts or our minds.

It would be profitable to dwell for a short space on those excellent authors whom, after about fifteen years, we continue to style "young" so as to distinguish them from the "old" writers, of whom, however, only two remain.

Among the productions of the past literary year it is necessary to refer to "The Murderer," by A. Tchekhov *Russkaya Misl*), and "The Afflicted One," by Tsurikov

(*Viestnik Evrope*), which serve to indicate that the minds of our best writers of *belles lettres* are mainly occupied with religio-ethical questions in the life of the people, in the endeavour to throw some light on the dark and the bright sides of their spiritual nature. Having commenced with light, principally humorous, sketches, and attained a striking celebrity in this department, Tchekhov suddenly turned his attention to psychological works, orderly in arrangement and of a serious turn, not excluding murderers, where the author portrays the element of systematic error in the spiritual life of a gloomy Russian sect—the Raskolniki—and the diversion of God's truth into new channels. The dark pages, describing the inner mental characteristics of savage, mystic Russian sects, and the delusions of the beclouded souls, will strike readers with horror.

"The Afflicted One" in Tsurikov's romance is Barbara, a brilliant representation of a righteous woman, holding the national faith, believing in God's truth as the people know it, but distinguished from the ordinary, typical champions and seekers after truth in that her faith, unlike theirs, belongs to her daily life, to be realised in the world and not in the solitude of the recluse. She trains the family in moral principles, in the name of justice and love, and succeeds in establishing a sway of peace and charity over all around her. Up to this time our popular writers have especially depicted the economic side of the national life, and occupied themselves with questions of a social and domestic nature, but at present the spiritual side has advanced to special prominence, the side which is illustrated by religio-ethical ideals. This is no more than an echo of the general revulsion of European thought from the confessed limitations of a self-sufficient positivism to the abstractions of metaphysics and even mysticism.

The gifted ethnographer and *belles-lettrist*, Mamin-

Sibiriak, who has till now drawn charming pictures of national life and conditions beyond the Urals, has, in his recent works, "Without Personal Rights" and "Tussilage Farfara" (*Novoye Slovo*), seized upon types and subjects of cultured, intelligent life, and has proved himself to be as weak in the portrayal of regular intellectual types as he is powerful and brilliant in describing irregular ethnographical subjects. We see, however, well-defined, almost sculptured figures in his latest tales, "The Enemy" (*Russkoye Bogatstvo*) and "At Number Six" (*Novoye Slovo*). A prim, cultured family established for themselves in the country, near St. Petersburg, an idyllic retreat, of which the "enemy" and destroyer appeared in the form of the illegitimate child of the housemaid. While yet unborn he was the "enemy" of the *prim* family, virtuously happy in the lap of nature; he was the cause of the discovery of all the hidden inconsistencies among the members of the family; he remained their enemy to the very end, even to that moment when he was sent away to school, and when, as if in retaliation, the master's own child died. In the author's words, spoken through the mouth of Sergi Ivanovitch: —

"This is not nonsense. See these luckless ones,—brought forth for certain death! and you and I, personally, know what happens; and we have not stirred a finger on behalf of these poor wretches, not even thought of them. And how many children are rotting alive in cellars, and what have we done for them? But there is a punishment in store for our selfishness. That infant, cast off by one and all, punishes us with frightful infantile diseases. The terrible enemy avenges death by death; he penetrates everywhere, like the atmosphere. You have cast me into the street, there are diphtheria, scarlatina and influenza for you! You will weep, egoists, as my collective mother wept."

In the little sketch "At Number Six," Mamin traces the history of a small company of gold merchants, who have assembled from all quarters under the influence of the passion for wealth. By sketching facts and events in clear relief, Mamin-Sibiriak conducts the reader, in the course of a few pages, into a world of imaginary persons who seem

The author exclaims:

"They cry, leech, rascal, spider; but who gives him power and liberty, if not the highly-cultured, estimable men who shun the ghastly realm of human sufferings, like Pilate with his washed hands?"

This is how the author describes the results of such a system:

"The longer this lasts the worse things become. A veritable desolation, as if inflicted by the Tartar Mamai. Woods cut down, a barren country, bald spots everywhere and damp patches, as if the place were infected with eczema; lean cattle looking as if they had stepped out of their graves. . . . Not cows, but phantoms; not horses, but skeletons. Wretched, submissive, crushed. . . . I felt at once that it was too late to save anything.

"Everything around is doomed to death, and there is no power capable of revoking such a doom. Old women like shreds, sickly and pallid; worn-out, grey children without a smile, and, as it seemed to me, without a voice."

But what amount of powerful influence can our landed proprietors, by remaining on the land, exert on the prosperity of the surrounding peasantry? There are differences of opinion as to the solution of this question, but the author shows us the influence of the proprietor not only on the prosperity, but also on the morality of the peasants. There, where the "spider," the "wicked piercing" Besmienov, crushed the peasants' substance in his mill, and extracted the last juice from it, a person like Kozelskaya

"Stood as a bulwark against hostile impositions, which, seizing upon all in their vicinity, exhaust the power of the peasants and the small sufficiency of the village. And not only as a bulwark, she was a *surety for the future*."

The year of famine, 1891, provided the author with an excellent opportunity of observing the unhappy conditions of peasant life and of developing the unformed fable of the novel, a fable, be it said in passing, without a single love-story. The district employed as a sowing-ground by the usurer Besmienov with his "wolfish greed," the oppression of those little insects—the poor and the broken-down—the faint-hearted struggle of some of them with the "monster,"

are all described by the author very vividly and with originality. The novel ends in the way everything in our life comes to an end. The Besmienov brood were triumphant, and the benevolent proprietress, Kozelskaya, having ruined herself in the attempt to save the peasants from death by starvation, retired to furnished apartments in St. Petersburg. The triumph of vice over the ruins of virtue seems, however, only apparent, and for that reason after reading the novel there remains an agreeable, almost triumphant impression, in spite of the melancholy, decisive words of the author. Let vice remain victorious in the novel, if it will,—you feel that its triumph is short-lived, that it will eventually yield to that living force, which burns with a bright flame and will never be extinguished in such persons as Anna Stepanovna Kozelskaya,—you ardently believe in that living force. Besides this, you begin to perceive some signs of the speedy downfall of evil. Even the usurer, old Besmienov, having plundered the district, razed the district bank to the ground with impunity, brought the childishly-simple General Uzorni into the meshes of the law, and transferred his property to his children, was turned by them into the street, took to drink, and was reduced to the lowest level. He felt it keenly at last, that the dominating idea of his life, with all the proceeds of his rogueries and rascalities, had slipped from his grasp.

Greed of money had rooted itself in his soul to such an extent, that neither momentary fits of repentance nor conversations with the venerable priest of the district were able to surmount it. The description of the final meeting of the author with Besmienov is one of the most artistically-coloured periods in the whole novel.

“Sir! I shuddered and turned round. The moon beamed brightly here. Before me fluttered something, having a distant resemblance to a man. Rapidly glancing, I made out rags and bare feet. The face was shaded by an enormous travelling cap with a battered peak.

Your — how is it with you there. . . . (General! He was recognizable by those hoarse sounds. . . . I have turned over capital, I have bought and sold by poods like you and now I beg from you. Take these five copecks and go in peace. Vukol Matveievitch, can that be you! Besmienov shuddered. He removed his cap and glanced at me. What man is this? You know me not? Indeed, it was not easy to recognise him. A red, swollen face. It was difficult to make out the different features. No. You had a great deal at that time. Give me five copecks. It burns here—he touched his breast and throat—here it burns. Do you hear, d—! I gave him a rouble note. He seized it with something that looked like fright, and stopped. For me? For you, for you, Vukol Matveievitch. All for me? Yes, take it, take it. Very well, thank you. He looked dubiously at the money and suddenly burst out laughing. Now, Senka, look out for yourself. Where do you live, Vukol Matveievitch? I live? I do live then . . . and then I shall spend the night in the police-station, that is what will happen. They will take me, and I shall pass the night there. A knight, of the order of Saint Anna. . . . Here in this same place—he smote himself on the left side of the breast. Can you imagine it? All for me? Very well. . . . I shall show the rascals now who Vukol Matveievitch is. . . . I have many new ventures! Laugh not. I am old—God has punished me. . . . He suddenly broke out into sobs, and went off, tottering from side to side.”

But the triumph of his son Semen was not lasting, as he fell into the hands of a pettifogging lawyer.

Nemirovitch-Danchenko remarks, in concluding his novel :

“ You will think it terrible that nothing is done by these new people, who come into power and seize everything with a ruling hand. No ray of light, no human feeling whatever. No sign of shame at anything. And we are overwhelmed on all sides, as by a thick thunder-cloud, by this robber race with wide, greedy jaws, brought up in the Besmienov school, believing in nothing and imbued with this one principle—to seize every man by the throat and suffocate him so that he does not cry out. And see how they have grown up—well-built, healthy, stout! But in the robust body dwells a paltry soul, self-confident in its contempt for all humanity with its faith, love, suffering, doubts, ideals, victories and struggles, magnanimity and bliss.”

This conclusion is too gloomy, we would say to the author, judging from the facts he himself has brought out, viz., that the shining lights of humanity, with their love and faith, victories and struggles, still survive, do not succumb to the blows of destiny, never lose confidence in themselves, in their strength, in man, in the triumph of a good beginning. Even though a few worthy folk, like the Slavkins, grow

weary in the conflict, retire from the arena, and give themselves up to the vanities of petty interest and self-pleasing, Kozelekaya, and those who resemble her, will not give way, will never consider their labour fruitless, and if life does not give them the power to advance with the sacred standard in their hands, they will pass on that standard to their successors, of whom there are many. There are many of them, and the light which beams from these righteous ones, these "world martyrs," will brighten your soul; you will see the Besmienov triumph at the worldly feast on the wane, and your belief in humanity will be sound and unfettered. Read then, ladies and gentlemen, this artistic novel of Nemirovitch-Danchenko, which I will permit myself to call the most successful literary work of the past year.

If our older writers have given us but little in the course of the year, many new ones have sprung into notice. The literary field is green with young shoots which will ripen in time and become corn and rich grain. A little star has appeared on the literary horizon in the person of Madame Tseikin-Kupernik, and her works "Happiness," "The Superfluous Woman," etc., which have appeared in the numbers of the *Nedelya*, have not only created a stir among our younger gifted writers but have even earned the praises of him who abuses all, Burekin. In the *Russkoye Bogatstvo* M. Melshin has given, under the general title of "The World of the Banished," a clever descriptive picture of the conditions of life of the exiles and prisoners in Siberia. His sketch "The Little Horse on the Road" produced a very powerful impression. Of a similar kind is the pretty tale "The Changer," by M. Gvozdev, in the *Russkoye Bogatstvo*.

Finally, I cannot omit the most unique of our rising belles-lettrists, M. Theodore Sologub, who made his first appearance in the *Sievernii Viestnik* with the psychological

tale "Shadows," followed by the doubly-decadent novel "Heavy Dreams," and later by two more psychological tales, "The Worm" and "The Stars."

The subject of "Shadows," which seems to pass vividly before the reader's eyes, is the lunacy of a mother and son, deranged through playing with shadows. Of a sickly, degenerate nature; they are doomed to madness through a profound hereditary disorder of the cerebro-nervous system. Only a slight touch is sufficient to turn their internal lack of equilibrium into a mental malady. This touch is supplied by a book of illustrations which someone sends to them, containing some shadow figures which can be imitated by placing the fingers of the hand in certain positions. At first the son, a student at the gymnasium, amused himself at the new game and neglected his lessons. The mother begins to struggle with his new fancy and makes him go to his lessons, and he promises not to play with the shadows any more, but, powerless to fight against the inflamed passion, he plays secretly, wakes at night, continues the shadow-game on the ceiling of the room by the flickering rushlight, and thus glides into the world of trembling outlines that cannot be grasped. Finally, from the force of similar physical conditions, accounted for by reason of the same sickly hereditary tendency, the mental derangement of the son communicates itself to the mother, and the illusory world of shadows and outlines engrosses both to the exclusion of the world of material objects, and in the close of the tale the reader shudders at the frightful scene, as mother and son, with wild glances and an expression of keenly concentrated delight on their symmetrical faces, make strange motions with their hands and grasp at the elusive figures of the shadows on the walls. This tale must be considered a sickly-decadent one, but it is impossible to ignore the talent which it displays. It presses on the

nerves and mind of the reader like a nightmare, and were it not for its purely Russian character it might be placed on a level with the best tales of Edgar Poe. We have never seen so closely into the internal psychics of insanity, especially the logical transition from normal thought to the hideous chimeras of lunacy. The mental malady is consistent in its effectiveness, as it gives the nightmare to those who are healthy as a logical consequence, and in this appeal to the sound comprehension of every healthy reader lies the secret of that weighty and terrible—almost crushing—impression, which is left by the masterly tale of Sologub.

This impression is considerably weaker in the tale "The Worm," a description of the sufferings of a young girl possessed by the thought that she has swallowed a worm, a thought which is the death of her, and in the tale, "The Stars," which also tells of a boy who goes out of his mind through thinking of the stars.

All these psychological studies are to be found in the pages of the *Sievernî Viestnik*, while as an appendage thereto in the November number is a story by Madame Tunniyev—"Mirrors." Here all the characters are abnormal, all insane, either detained in lunatic asylums or still at large in the quality of candidates for such institutions, and the doubt involuntarily occurs to the reader, whether or not the author belongs to the latter category. Of late, histology has gained the exclusive rights of citizenship in the *Sievernî Viestnik*, and the development and secret growth of the decadence recently apparent in Russia constitute, it seems, a strongly marked peculiarity of the poetry and *belles lettres* of the past year, and the chief and practically admitted hot-bed of Russian decadence is shown to be this *Sievernî Viestnik*; which, if not entirely a decadent journal, is in process of becoming so. Happily, our decadence is limited to the *Sievernî Viestnik*.

A year ago this journal announced its "new," "idealistic" programme. If there is any idealism in the catalogued works, and if they embody any models of poesy, elegance and beauty, are still open to doubt; but as regards *novelty* there is no room for doubt, and the journal, having made known its idealistic aspirations, gives evidence of this, having inserted in the November number, under the heading "Art and Reality," extracts from the works of an English Art-critic. Speaking on the subject of certain efforts in Art which have appeared during his time, the critic remarks that—

"The greater number of our contemporaries who have devoted themselves to heroic or religious themes have done so, in a great measure, from vanity, because their dream was how to shine as ministers of 'high Art,' and in reality nine-tenths of the so-called historical artists who are ministers of this 'high Art' are incomparably inferior to their brethren who paint *nature morte*. They only surpass the latter by their improbable and self-confident estimate of their own powers; they mistake their vanity for inspiration, their ambition for magnanimity of soul, and they give pre-eminence to the 'ideal' for the sole reason that they have neither the adequate humility nor the adequate capabilities for comprehending the real."

Without insisting that the *Sievernii Vestnik* strives after the "new" and the "ideal" on account of its inadequate capabilities, we none the less rejoice that its programme is not shared by our other numerous journals, and with our whole heart hope that decadence—utterly incapable in itself of aiding the true growth of our national literature—"may wither away ere it attains to bloom."

After returning the thanks of the A.R.L.S. to the Lecturer for his instructive and excellent paper on a subject so little known in England, and yet so full of interest as Russian *belles lettres* of last year, the President read some rhymes which had been translated by a very young friend of his. The poetry was taken from a Moscow paper, *The News of the Day*, and was a satire on the Literature of the hour, which was the subject of the lecture:

With keen delight my mind I feast upon the dainty fare
 Which journalists of great repute for our demands prepare ;
 I notice too, how thick of late our magazines have grown,
 In all reviews of every kind this sudden zeal is shown.
 Its cause, I think, the closing year to all makes pretty plain,
 For if we're pleased the owners think we may subscribe again.
 Potapenko's* excited grief no man e'er understands

"Ye gods," he cries, "ye gods, alas, why have I but two hands !
 Swift surging thoughts, a million plots are in my bursting brain,
 I wave my hand and characters come crowding in their train.
 But all too short is time, five books I can at once dictate,
 And yet, stern editors to please, my work oft comes too late."
 Within the heart of one review three mortal hours I spend,
 I blush to read the symbolists, my hair stands up on end,
 As o'er the prose of Sologub, or Hippus† tales I pore.
 For what I say, Gourevitch, I your pardon must implore,
 But when your "Northern Messenger" I read, an airy sprite
 Attacks my brain and makes me fear my wits have taken flight.
 At midnight as I pondered thus, a literary friend
 Came rushing in, and soon to my reflections put an end ;
 "I'll make them smart for this" in violent wrath he loudly pealed,
 My friend was never loth his fiery lash of words to wield ;
 But now, on whom d'you think the force of all his anger falls ?
 Upon a certain owner of three well known golden balls.
 "One cannot get," said he, "one's money's worth in all this land,
 A theme you want to write about, on this one try your hand."
 "Nay friend," said I, "it is no burning question of the day."
 "I've pawned my coat and half a sov. is all the man would pay,
 How can the subject then," said he, "a trifling matter be ?
 It is the most absorbing topic of the day for me."

* A popular and prolific author, appreciated by the A.R.L.S.

†Two authors of the "decadent school."

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

Translated by H. HAVELOCK, M.A.

AMONG new books which have been presented to the A.R.L.S., Professor Trachevski's "Russian History"* is among the most noteworthy.

Until lately Russian History has excited in Western Europe a certain interest, but an incidental and partial one, and has not been studied for its own sake. It appealed more to feelings and passions than to cooler reason. In close contact with the East, separated from the rest of Europe in its development, nay, at variance with it in political considerations, the Russian nation attracted the attention of the West, solely as a sort of monster devoid of culture. It was looked on as barbarous, and all the more dangerous in the last century, as the upper strata of its cultivated classes began to display what the Western people of the 13th to the 17th century called a "tardy maturity." If, previous to this, all the best minds in Russia, following the traditions of Peter the Great, had seen their salvation only in the influence of the enlightened West, a schism arose among them, dating from the year 1840. The Slavophiles began to accuse the Western party of unnecessary self abasement before Europe; they tried to set up ideals of their own, to develop a national culture.

* The A.R.L.S. has endeavoured to bring out a translation of this work, but up to the present time no final arrangements have been made with any publishers.

and in the interests of re-action to flatter the vanity of the old-fashioned Russian by the cry "the West is rotten."

All this, of course, was a total want of comprehension and appreciation of the new and formidable phenomenon which had appeared in history. The mistake of the "Russians" consisted in clinging too long to Asiaticism, which had struck such deep root in their being. That of the "Europeans" on the other hand lay in treating the question too lightly, in studying Western ideas too much, while forgetting that it was with their lives that the West had been saved from Asiaticism.

Recently the cloud which hid the two divisions of Europe, akin in race, in religion and in culture, from one another has been dispersed. Russia had ceased to be the nightmare of Europe, not merely because its barbaric period has come to an end, a period, it may be remarked, which all nations of small culture and development are bound to pass through. She is making desperate efforts to make up for lost time, has improved her inward condition, and laid the foundations of a culture of her own. Russians are beginning, as was in its day the case in the West, to forget the fierce struggle between Slavophiles and Westeringers, and to combine, at least in the cultured classes, in one endeavour, to make a place of their own for themselves in the general progress of Europe. The West for its part has realized that Russia is only in a primitive state, the forms of which have been settled by its own long experience. It has learnt to allow for its detachment from the community. Suffering itself from the social plagues of civilization, the West has taken to pondering over the instructive survivals of the social system in Russia, of the revival of which in new shapes it is itself dreaming, in accordance with universal social law. More than this, it has found out the precious qualities of the Russian people

in regard to ideal culture. While continuing to instruct Russia in its political advantages, it is beginning to draw from the latter a new inspiration in literature and even in science.

The newest and most promising of the sciences, sociology, is the most apt to lead to such misunderstandings. Founded on the comparative methods it abounds in references to the development of Slavism in general and the Russians in particular. From the very nature of induction, sociology does not content itself with conjectures, which used to be good enough for learned men in search of mere curiosities and rarities, food enough for a half-ignorant mind. What are dearest of all to it are analogies from which can be constructed the universal laws of human society. Hence is drawn the great moral and humanizing teaching of sociology, which bears fruit only in the sequel.

Russian men of learning have already accustomed themselves to this new attitude of science towards their country. They have returned the compliment in throwing light on Western history by means of data from the life of the Slavs. We need only mention the names of Veshniakoff, M. Kovalevski, Novikoff, and de Roberti. But these have been only isolated examples, concerned with the solution of special questions, and principally in the region of extreme antiquity. At last there has appeared the attempt of a Russian "savant" to elucidate the whole of Russian history from the social point of view, by comparing it with the history of the West at different periods and stages of its development.

This attempt is the work of Trachevski, a doctor of history, late Professor at the Odessa University, and now giving lectures at St. Petersburg. The author is known for many works of importance on the modern history of the West and of Russia, some of which have been printed

in the historical Reviews of France and Germany. He has published besides, four volumes of new documents relative to the history of the relations between Russia and France in the time of Napoleon I. (1800-1808), having obtained access to the State Archives of Paris and St. Petersburg. More recently he has turned his attention to questions of sociology and its near relative pre-historic archæology, as may be seen from his Manual of History.

The said "Manual" is a proof of the educational activity of the professor, who has consistently tried to advance the cause of knowledge both by his public lectures and articles on education, by his efforts in the cause of the highest social teaching at Odessa, and by setting on foot something analogous to "University Extension" at the Academy of Military Instruction at St. Petersburg. The manual embraces Universal history up to 1750, including Russian. The Russian part has been long since bought up, and the author has now produced a second edition, revised throughout by himself.

At present his "Russian History," consists of two volumes, giving the story of the nation from the beginning of Panslavism to the death of Alexander II. He regrets that he has been unable to describe the reign of Alexander III. This edition, the production of the best publisher in Russia, Rücker, is embellished with a quantity of pictures, skilfully prepared and accompanied by explanatory notes, which form a first attempt at a manual of Russian archæology. The numerous chromo-lithographs give an exact idea of the beginning of painting, especially in oils and of the art of publishing in Russia. Specially prepared maps form a complete atlas of Russian history.

This work of Trachevski's, which has been warmly welcomed by the literary world, may be considered as

unique as a scientific attempt in popularizing Russian history; hitherto there have only been school manuals, or learned works in many volumes (Karamzin, Soloviev, Kostomarov) and those of a partial kind, going no further than the reign of Catherine II. Moreover, hitherto Russian history has been considered merely from the political and external point of view, while Trachevski's work, without neglecting this side of the question, lays special stress on the social side. The chapters devoted to classes, manners, ideas, literature, science, and the arts, are as full as can be: these he has revised with even greater care than Green, in his "Short History of the English People," of which this work reminds us in a general way in its thoroughness, and the artistic attractive style in which it is written. All the critics, too, dwell on the careful way the plan of the work has been carried out, and the division into periods corresponding with the development of the Russian nation. As each period is considered in its connection with the previous ones, and at the end of the book, in addition to the chronology, there is given a lengthy synopsis of the whole, it is easy to trace the evolution of any particular element in Russian history. Every period concludes with a chapter on its significance, and in fact this is the first attempt at a complete "Philosophy of History" as regards Russia. This is where the "sociological" method of the author is especially brought to the front, by which the history of Russia is compared step by step with the history of the West.

The history is throughout treated from the strictly historical point of view; every phenomenon is considered both from the positive and negative side. The author considers the spirit of evolution of his own nation, as founded on the social law of reciprocity, in relation to the influence of the more advanced West upon it. This

influence he traces in all directions down to the most minute particulars. We can understand the adoration of Trachevski for Peter I., from whom date all the reforms that have changed Russia from an Asiatic into a European State. To this colossus of history are dedicated the most stirring pages (II., 134-50), while his actions and character are dealt with at a length which may perhaps revive the whole question in Russian historical literature. Look at the closing words of his first volume, where he ends the history of ancient Russia, (he dates the modern period, unlike others, from 1650), "Ancient Russia bequeathed to us, &c." (I., 586-7).

THE EDWARD JENNER COMMEMORATION IN RUSSIA.

By DR. FRANK CLEMON.

AS READERS of the A.R.I.S.'s Transactions are already aware, the year just closed marked the hundredth anniversary of Jenner's great discovery of Vaccination as a prevention of small-pox. This discovery, it cannot be too much insisted on, has been the direct cause of saving more human lives than any other that was ever made. Consequently in all civilised nations the completion of a hundred years since Jenner made his first successful experiment has been marked by some form of commemoration. Russia was early in the field in proposing to keep the centenary, and some eighteen months ago the Russian Society for Protection of the Public Health issued notices that it intended to hold a special meeting and inaugurate a Jenner Exhibition on the 2nd (14th) of May, the actual date on which Jenner made his first successful inoculation. Unfortunately that date was found to be unsuitable in consequence of the Coronation, and the commemoration was postponed. Last Sunday, the 22nd December (old style), was finally chosen for it. The meeting was held in the large hall of the Medical Department of the Ministry of the Interior. The Grand Duke Paul, the Hon. President of the Society, was in the chair, and there was present a large and representative audience, including the Prince and Princess of Oldenburg, M.M. Durnovo and Goremykin, Ministers of State, the Governor

and Mayor of S. Petersburg, and a large number of distinguished medical men. The Grand Duke Paul spoke an address of welcome to those present, and was followed by Dr. Kudrin, the Acting President of the Society, who gave a brief history of Vaccination since its first introduction. Dr. Lukianof, Director of the Imperial Institute of Experimental Medicine, pronounced a warm eulogy of Jenner and his work, and other speeches were made.

The awards were then made of the prizes which the Society had offered for the best works on Vaccination. The first prize was gained by Dr. Alexander Layer, of Bordeaux, for his essay "*A la Memoire d'Edouard Jenner.*"

Addresses and letters were read from a large number of medical societies and institutions (including the A. R. L. S.) and the proceedings closed with a speech of thanks from the Grand Duke Paul to all who had assisted in making the meeting and the exhibition a success. A military band was present and played the National Anthem at the close. the meeting was a very enthusiastic one, and the applause and cheers were loud and prolonged.

The Exhibition, which is also in the Medical Department, and which will remain open free for some little time, contains many things of great interest. There are many portraits, and an excellent bust of Jenner; innumerable tables and diagrams relating to Vaccination cover the walls, and in glass cases are many interesting and valuable objects, contributed from almost every country in the world. Queen Victoria has graciously presented the Society with a beautiful portrait-print of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who was instrumental in introducing small-pox inoculation (the precursor of Vaccination) into England. The original letter of Catharine II. to Jenner, with which she sent him a valuable ring; the gold and enamel casket in which t e

freedom of the city of London was presented to Jenner in 1803 (lent by the Society of Apothecaries); original manuscripts of Jenner, and numberless photographs, drawings, prints and caricatures, relating to the history of Vaccination are among the other exhibits. As a whole, the Exhibition strikes all who have seen it as one full of interest, not only to medical men, but to all intelligent people. Great praise is due to Dr. Hubert, the Secretary of the Society, to whose initiative and perseverance the success of the commemoration is due.

A centenary edition of Jenner's works in Russian is in course of publication, edited by Dr. Hubert. The first volume has appeared. It is a large and handsome work, profusely illustrated. The whole edition will include not only Jenner's works, but a complete history of small-pox and the means of preventing it in every country in the world.

NOTICES.

Members in Russia would do well to pay their subscriptions into the Discount Bank at St. Petersburg to the name of the President of the A.R.L.S., because *extra* charges are claimed in London for Russian Bank-notes which are forwarded by post.

The invitation addressed to members in No. 15 of the Proceedings of the A.R.L.S. to become *life members* by *compounding*, i.e., paying £10 or 100 roubles has been already accepted by several gentlemen, as specified in the subjoined list of names and financial statement.

It is now suggested that literary and business advertisements, etc. from England, Russia, or elsewhere, might be printed in these journals of the A.R.L.S. All amounts would be payable in advance. The opinions of members on this subject might be useful.

The representatives of the Neva Yacht Club, which is under Imperial patronage, have requested the President of the A.R.L.S. to state that they are organising an Exhibition of Sport and Navigation at St. Petersburg. Any exhibits sent there from the United Kingdom would be appreciated. Unfortunately the notice given is very short, as the exhibition is to be opened early in March and closed after six weeks, and land carriage (the Gulf of Finland being frozen in winter) is expensive.

Members of the A.R.L.S., both ladies and gentlemen, are reminded that they can become Fellows of the Imperial Institute by paying £2 per annum. Besides other advantages they would also receive, free of charge, the "*Imperial Institute Journal*," which usually prints the monthly reports of the A.R.L.S.'s lectures. Several Members of the A.R.L.S. have been Fellows of the Institute since some years.

Papers will be read before the A.R.L.S. on the first Tuesday of every month, at 3 p.m. :—February 2nd, "Lady Disbrowe's Russian Letters," by Miss Alice Gaussen; March 2nd, "Pisarev, the Russian Critic," by Mr. H. Havelock, M.A.; April 6th, "Female Characters in Turgeniev," by Miss Gertrude Shepherd.

The A.R.L.S. has sustained a sad loss by the recent deaths of two prominent members :—

C: N. BESTUJEV-RIUMINE, a member of the Russian Academy of Sciences, was a scion of a noble family, born in 1829, educated in the Moscow University, a man of science and a publicist. He was a professor of the St Petersburg University, and president of the so-called Charitable Slav Society, of which he was also one of the founders. History was his favourite study, and, besides other works, he began writing a History of Russia, which, however, was not completed. It goes down to the time of Ivan the Terrible. The introduction, consisting of several hundred pages, is almost a book in itself. The work is entirely original and is founded on the ancient Russian Chronicles.

PRIVY COUNCILLOR N. T. VANDER VLIET was born in 1840, a descendant of a Dutch family long established in Russia. One of his ancestors was an Admiral of the Imperial Navy, and his father was the director of the Department of Commerce and Manufactures.

M. de Vander Vliet was educated in the Imperial Lyceum, where he obtained the first gold medal. As a very young man he already organized the Scientific Library of the Ministry of Finance. He acted as one of the representatives of his Government at several International Exhibitions, both in London and Paris. When the so-called unification of the Imperial Treasury was inaugurated, he was employed to introduce this new system of keeping public accounts in various provinces of Russia. But the work, which was to him a labour of love, was the amelioration of the position of the labouring classes, after their liberation from serfdom, most especially in the poor and unproductive Government of Pskov, where he owned an estate. He devoted a portion of his fortune to organise schools, to create libraries, to improve the system of agriculture, and to introduce Saving's Banks. As a patron and trustee of an asylum for the blind and author of a project in connection with co-operative societies, he also did good and charitable work.

Having been associated for twenty-seven years with the Russian Steam Navigation and Trading Company, he was for ten years the Managing Director of that important enterprise at Odessa. He improved the position of the staff by a new system of pensions ; he renovated the fleet by the purchase of thirty-three steamers, some of which were specially built for the transport of petroleum, a new and important article of Russian export, and he utilised the ship-building yard of the Company at Sevastopol by building several men of war for the Russian Government. He endeavoured to raise the tone and the standard of education of the Russian Mercantile fleet.

Beloved and respected by those who came in contact with him, this able, laborious, and modest man was busy with his philanthropic work to the very close of his life.

Both these high-minded Russian gentlemen joined the A.R.L.S. from the time of its foundation in order to express their approval of the objects for which it had been called into existence.

Patrons

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SAXE COBURG GOTHA
AND EDINBURGH.

HER ROYAL AND IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF SAXE
COBURG GOTHA AND EDINBURGH.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

(Corrected up to the 15th January, 1897).

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE CESAREVITCH.

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE SERGE.

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE PAUL.

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.
(President of the Imperial Academy of Sciences), H. M.

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|--------------------------------|---|
| *423 Abamelek, Princess A. I. | 121 Benardaky, N. |
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(H. M.) |
| 312 Amaliteky, Professor | 286 Bigg-Wither, Rev. R. F. |
| 287 Anderson, Sir W. | 55 Birch, Miss A. |
| 5 Anichkoff, E. | 164 Birkbeck, W. J. |
| 137 Annenkoff, General M. N. | 300 Black, Lt. W. C. |
| 328 Antonini, M. | 15 Blaramberg, T. |
| 395 Antrobus, Miss L. | 294 Bode, Baron |
| 371 Annuchin, D. Academician | 278 Bondesen, C. P. M. |
| 325 Armstrong, Lt., R.E. | 399 Borgström, Miss Sylvia |
| 114 Arsenieff, Admiral | 319 Borthwick, Mrs. |
| 255 Aschkenasy, S.E. | 142 Borzenko, A. |
| 481 Bagenaky, A. F. | 153 Bouteneff, M. |
| 218 Bajenoff Z. I. | 238 Bouteneff, Count
Chreptovitch |
| 474 Baer, I. | 458 Boutourlin, General S. S. |
| 264 Bale, Edwin. | 213 Brandt, R. T. |
| 25 Baratsinsky, Madame C. | 272 Bredikin, T. A., Academician |
| 441 Barry, Mrs. | 89 Bridge, Capt. W. Cyprian |
| 442 Barry, Miss | 188 Brown, H. F. |
| 209 Beaulieu, Leroy | 173 Brown, H. G. A. |
| 489 Belaieff, Miss | |

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(H. M.) means *Honorary Member*. (L. M.) means *Life Member*, who has compounded, i.e., paid £10, or 100 Roubles once for all. (Cor.) means *Correspondent*

- 25 Brulloff, P. A.
 479 Burdon, E. G.
 184 Campbell, Capt. E. A.
 252 Campioni, Mme.
 379 Carlow, Countess
 337 Carr, Henry
 178 Casgrain, Capt.
 315 Cassavetti, Mme.
 426 Cattley, O.
 410 Cazalet, Mrs.
 51 Cazalet, E. A.
 24 Cazalet, W. L.
 72 Chicherin, Madame
 275 Clarke, A. F.
 276 Clarke, A. F., Junr.
 113 Clemow, Dr. F.
 402 Coolidge, A. C.
 827 Corcoran, S. Vincent
 880 Crane, O. R.
 109 Cunningham, W. M.
 103 Cuppage, Captain W. A.
 58 Davis, Colonel John
 271 Davis, Mrs.
 91 Dewrance, John
 101 Dickins, Harry C.
 151 Dickins, F. Victor
 438 Djanshiev, G. A.
 308 Dobson, G.
 356 Dolbeshoff, Miss
 302 Dolgorouky, Princess A.
 111 Drake-Brockman, Capt. P. W.
 431 Dunkerville, Capt. L. C.
 323 Edwards, B. W.
 268 Elphinstone, Sir Nicholas, Bart.
 353 Enchevich, Captain M.
 484 Ershoff, Mrs. de
 430 Erskine, The Hon. S.
 375 Evreinow, Senator G. A.
 197 Fairbanks, Mrs.
 195 Fairholme, G. F.
 339 Ferguson, Lieut. V.
 459 Filippoff, T. I., Comptroller
 of the Empire.
 99 Filmore, Captain H. C.
 78 Fontanier, R. D. de
 332 Ford, Rev. E. W.
 132 Fortescue, Mrs. Knottesford
 133 Fortescue, Miss Knottesford
 456 Fox, Miss W. H.
 200 Fredericks, Baron V. P.
 374 Freuer, Miss
 287 Friedensfreunde, (Austrian
 Peace Society.)
 32 Froom, E. O.
 162 Gaidebouroff, V. P
 26 Galitzine, Prince B. B.
 126 Galkine-Vraskoy, M. N.
 462 Galtsoff, S.
 382 Gaussen, Mrs. F.
 383 Gaussen, Miss A.
 189 Gæbler, B. A.
 201 Geoghegan, S., 6th Bur. Rt.
 398 Gerard, Major-Genl. M. G.
 448 Girard, Capt.
 385 Gitkoff, Admiral A. V.
 311 Goldsmith, G. E.
 360 Goulæff, E. E.
 13 Gourovich, B. S.
 182 Grazinsky, V.
 493 Grenfell, General Sir F.
 207 Grigorovitch, D. V.
 494 Grigorovitch, Capt. T. C.,
 Naval Attaché.
 492 Grinmuth, Mr. de
 47 Grot, Professor C. (Cor)
 48 Grot, Mrs.
 148 Grot, Professor N. (Cor)
 291 Gutschow, L. A.
 190 Gwynne, J.
 482 Harris, E. L.
 35 Harrison, I. H.
 284 Havelock-Allan, General Sir
 H., M.P.

- | | | | |
|-----|--------------------------------------|-----|--------------------------------|
| 108 | Havelock, H., M.A. | 408 | Kontayssow, Countess E |
| 186 | Hay, Miss M. B. | 358 | Kontouzow, Count P. |
| 347 | Head, Mrs. | 370 | Kouznezzoff, G. K. |
| 350 | Heard, I. | 179 | Kovalevsky, V. I. |
| 281 | Heath C. | 106 | Kremlöv, Professor N. |
| 251 | Helbing, H. F. | 102 | Kremlöv, A. |
| 115 | Hennell, Colonel D. S. O. | 419 | Krohn, W. |
| 467 | Hill, Mrs. A. | 420 | Krohn, N. |
| 450 | Hilliard, R. | 204 | Kroupensky, M. |
| 443 | Higginbotham, Dr. W. | 166 | Kuzmin-Korovaeff, V. L. |
| 70 | Hodgetts, E. A. Brayley | | |
| 71 | Hodgetts, Miss | 45 | Labzine, M. |
| 250 | Holman, H. C. 16th Bengal
Lancers | 472 | Langhorne, Rev. W. H. |
| 8 | Homiakoff, N. | 329 | Larter, W. |
| 359 | Hopper, Miss L. | 236 | Latkin, N. |
| 447 | Howard, I. | 417 | Lawrence, Sir Henry, Bart. |
| 480 | Howard, Professor B. | 122 | Leger, L. |
| 227 | Iaroshenko, N. V. | 89 | Lehrs, J. N. |
| 233 | Ilovaiki, Professor S. I. | 88 | Lehrs, H. J. |
| 392 | Irby, Miss P. | 491 | Lieven, Princess |
| 455 | Isaiev, Professor | 144 | Ligin, Professor V. N. |
| 1 | Ivanoff, F. | 128 | Lihatcheff, A. |
| 168 | Ives, Miss | 16 | Linden, A. |
| 33 | Jones, Rev. Hartwell | 468 | Loman, R-Admiral N.,
A.D.C. |
| 357 | Kamensky, G. | 192 | Lowry, Captain H. W. |
| 82 | Kapnist, Count D. M. | 123 | Lyall, Sir Alfred C. |
| 143 | Kapustine, M. N. | 234 | Lochvitsky, V. A. |
| 416 | Karsakoff, Mrs. E. | 390 | Lynden-Bell, Maj.-Gen. T.L. |
| 318 | Katchanovsky, Professor | 259 | Lynden-Bell, Capt. C. P. |
| 460 | Katkoiff, Mr. de | | |
| 453 | Kelmar, Mrs. | 215 | MacColl, Canon M. |
| 454 | Kelmar, Miss | 389 | Macdonald, Capt. F. W. P. |
| 66 | Kinloch, A. | 79 | Machin, W. F. |
| 220 | Kirby, W. F. | 80 | Machin, Mrs. |
| 405 | Knauf, T. T. | 96 | Machin, Miss M. |
| 196 | Kojevnikoff, M. M. | 105 | Machin, F. |
| 94 | Kolokoltzoff, General | 141 | Mackenzie, Miss Jessie |
| 267 | Kossich, General A. I. | 424 | Magnus, E. |
| 228 | Koni, Senator A. F. | 222 | Mahs, Baroness E. O. |
| 299 | Kotz, Mme. Von | 230 | Mahs, Baron T. |
| 214 | Koulakovsky, Professor | 231 | Mahs, Baroness M. |
| | | 246 | Makovsky, V. E. |

- 124 Malewski-Malewitch, N.
 451 Mamreoff, Miss V.
 486 Manchester, Duke of
 63 Manning, Miss
 11 Marasly, G.
 92 Marchant, F. P.
 401 Marcks, A. F.
 425 Markoff, A. N.
 387 Marriott, J. S.
 216 Marsden, V. E., M.A.
 28 McClelland, H. V.
 393 Mears, A., I.C.S.
 437 Medley, Mrs.
 149 Medley, Captain E. J.
 340 Medley, Captain A. G.
 265 Mendeléeff, Professor D. I.
 270 Mestchersky, Prince Alex.
 346 Mestchersky, Princess, née
 Countess Panin
 378 Miheeff, V.
 185 Milbank, Lady
 386 Miller, F. V.
 22 Mirrieles, A.
 147 Mockler, Lt. G. H.
 81 Mordvinoff, S. A.
 235 Mordvinoff, Miss O.
 56 Morgan, E. Delmar
 116 Morgan, H. E.
 205 Morgan, E. R. S.
 404 Mouchanoff, Mrs. de
 444 Mountford, Mrs.
 57 Muir, A.
 127 Muir, M.
 68 Murray, J. W., Lt.-Col. R.A.
 432 Murray, Capt. G.
 476 Murray, Capt. A. Vice-Consul
 364 Nadéin, M. P.
 365 Nailer, Surg.-Major H.
 175 Naúmoff, Admiral
 239 Nazarov, P. S.
 245 Nekrassoff, V. D.
 394 Nicholas, Russian Archbishop
 in America (H. M.)
 100 Nichols, Miss Irene
 88 Novikoff, Madame
 145 Novicow, J.
 266 Novicow, Mme. A. N.
 439 O'Dwyer, M. F., I.C.S.
 283 O'Farrell, H. H., I.C.S.
 161 O'Leary, Capt. W. E.
 351 Onou, M. d' Russian Am-
 bassador
 429 Osipoff, Miss A.
 169 Osten-Sacken, Countess
 98 Osten-Sacken, Baron Fred.
 412 Osterrieth, Dr. A.
 247 Ostroúkhoff, I. S.
 262 Oshanin, V. F.
 290 Oukhtomsky, Prince P.
 409 Oumnoff, S. K.
 407 Ouroussow, Princess
 485 Ouroussoff, Prince V. M.
 465 Oushkoff, A.
 326 Owen, S.
 381 Owsiankin, A. W.
 62 Palmes, Lieut.-Col. Bryan
 483 Parr, Rev. E. G.
 130 Pashkoff, A.
 341 Pashkoff, I. A.
 342 Pashkoff, A. A.
 471 Paul, Capt. R.E.
 193 Patrikéeff, S.
 158 Peek, Sir Henry, Bart.
 330 Penistan, W. H.
 119 Peretz, E. A., Sec. of State
 354 Petrochochino, D. J.
 23 Phillip, W.
 224 Piassetsky, Dr. P. I.
 457 Pilar, Baron de
 30 Pirogoff, Mme.
 396 Pitts, J. J.
 17 Poléjaieff, N.
 163 Polevoi, P.
 52 Pollen, Dr. John, I.C.S.
 53 Pollen, Mrs.

- 478 Pollock, Sir Fred'k
 198 Polonsky, J. P.
 244 Popham, F. W. L. (L.M.)
 135 Possiet, Admiral
 18 Poutiatine, Count
 19 Poutiatine, Countess Mary
 20 Poutiatine, Countess Elise
 202 Pratt, Hodgson
 338 Prendergast, Capt. F. I. W.,
 R.E.
 146 Prince, C. Stuart, Lt. Madras
 Army
 224 Posen, L. V.
 433 Prohoroff, S. V.
 334 Rachmaninoff, Professor I.I.
 372 Ragozin, Mrs. Z.
 95 Ralli, Stephen (H. M.)
 40 Rambaud, A.
 461 Rawnsley, Canon
 464 Rozanoff, M.
 343 Raymond, H. E., 19th
 P.W.O. Yorkshire Regt.
 345 Reitlinger, N. A.
 235 Reynolds, E.
 445 Richmond, R. S.
 363 Riga Russian Literary Circle
 43 Rodocanachi, P.
 261 Romanovich, A. P.
 413 Ross, E. D.
 322 Rostovzoff, General Count
 N. I.
 397 Rusow, Miss B.
 187 Ryley, R.
 436 Safonoff, V. I.
 7 Samarin, D. F.
 361 Sandon, Lieut.-Col.
 362 Sansey, Count
 203 Sazonow 'M.'
 253 Seaman, I. A.
 422 Selfridge, Mrs. S. W. Russell
 363 Selivanoff, N. F.
 373 Semenow, Senator
 2 Schlesinger, C.H., 12 Beng. Cav.
- 324 Schipoff-Schonitz, S. A.
 221 Schulz, E. I.
 243 Selifontoff, N. N.
 317 Selwyn, Capt. C. H.
 260 Sergeevitch, Professor V. I.
 159 Sevier, Dr. A.
 377 Shephard, Miss G.
 306 Sheppard, Capt.
 181 Shesterikoff, A. I.
 199 Shoubinsky, S. N.
 104 Simpson, Mrs.
 301 Sisley, Dr.
 165 Smirnoff, Rev. E.
 477 Smith, H. E.
 470 Smirnoff, E. (of Tashkend)
 97 Soloviev, Rev. E.
 174 Sousloff, General
 435 Spiers, Miss F.
 46 Spottiswoods, Col. R.
 154 Staal, Baron, Russian Am-
 bassador
 31 Staritsky, Mme.
 248 Starkow, A. P.
 54 Stabbing, Rev. Thomas R. B.
 415 Steel, H. C.
 333 Stephen, Sir Alexr. Condie
 273 Stewart, Colonel C. E.
 188 Stewart, Captain W.
 446 Stogdon, I.
 263 Storojenko, Professor N. I.
 156 Storr, Mrs. J.
 490 Strekaloff, Mme de
 406 Strogonoff, Count
 440 Svetloffsky, Mme.
 331 Swan, E. W.
 60 Sykes, Arthur A.
 37 Syromiatnikoff, S. N.
 309 Taysen, F.
 12 Tchiatcheff, Admiral
 139 Tchiatcheff, D. N.
 112 Thompson, Mrs. H. L.

- 90 Thompson, Rev. A. S.
 219 Thomson, D. R.
 88 Thornton, Miss F.
 61 Thornton, T. (L.M.)
 64 Thornton, W., Captain
 77 Thornton, W. L.
 876 Tillo, Lt.-General
 29 Timiriazeff, Professor C.
 110 Timiriazeff, D.
 21 Tolstoi, Countess, *née*
 Princess Wassiltchikoff
 6 Tolstoi, Count Leon
 44 Tolstoi, Count M. M.
 167 Tornauw, Baroness H.
 366 Tourtsevitoh, O. de
 297 Townshend, E., Capt.
 304 Trabotti, A.
 305 Trabotti, Mrs.
 388 Trachevski, Professor
 844 Trench, Major F., R.A.
 289 Troinitsky, G. A.
 4 Trotter-Cranstoun, J. Y.
 170 Truveler, N.
 176 Turner, Captain G. H.
 41 Tschelnokoff, M. V.
 42 Tschelnokoff, S. V.
 279 Tweddell, F., Capt. Indian
 Staff Corps
 59 Tyrrell, Lieut.-General F.H.
 212 Varjanitzin, A. M.
 367 Vedensky, V. A.
 428 Venevitinoff, M. A.
 76 Vibert, Mrs.
 307 Vinogradoff, P. F.
 75 Vischeslavzoff, Miss
 74 Vischeslavzoff, Madame
 73 Voiékoft, Madame
 210 Vogué, Vicomte de
 434 Volchaninoff
 335 Vrevsky, General Baron
 223 Vucina, I. I.
 65 Wallace, Sir Donald
 Mackenzie
 295 Walsh, Capt. W. P. Hussey
 298 Wardell, W., Lieut.
 449 Wardropper, T. B.
 3 Warren, W.
 487 Waters, Col.
 475 Watson, Rev. A.
 298 Webster, R. O.
 208 Weinberg, P.
 249 Weinstein, G. E.
 134 Wesselitsky-Bojidarovitch,
 G. S.
 120 Westly, Kilburne
 129 Whiahaw, James
 256 Whistler, J. McNeill.
 258 Whistler, Dr.
 488 Wilkins, W. H.
 466 Whittall, Capt. F. V.
 348 Wiggins, J., Captain
 452 Wiggins, Mrs.
 352 Wilenkin, G.
 49 Wilson, James M. (L.M.)
 136 Wilson, Rev. C. T.
 427 Wilson, L. S.
 478 Wöhrmann, Baron I.
 260 Wolley, Clive Phillippa.
 292 Woodhouse, Arthur
 274 Woodhouse, A. W.
 36 Worlledge, Major I. F.
 211 Yaroslav 117th Inf. Regt.
 384 Yelishoff, A. J.
 160 Yermoloff, Col., Military
 Attaché
 310 Young, G.
 336 Younghusband, Capt. F. E.
 10 Zelenoi, Lieut.-General A. P.
 303 Zelenoi, Admiral N. A.
 421 Zlokazoff, M.
 34 Zvetaev, Professor

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE A.R.L.S. FOR 1896.

RECEIVED.

	£	s.	d.
Balance from 1895	167	5	8
<i>Subscriptions for 1896.</i>			
87 Members in London and 15 miles round ...	91	7	0
237 " " Country and Abroad ...	124	8	6
3 " compounded and became life members viz., Messrs. F. L. Popham, T. Thornton and J. M. Wilson	30	0	0
Donation from General Count Rostowzoff ...	1	1	0
Interest, pr. 31st December, 1896	3	0	6
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£417	2	8
Balance to 1897	£273	0	2

The Account correct.

Auditors:

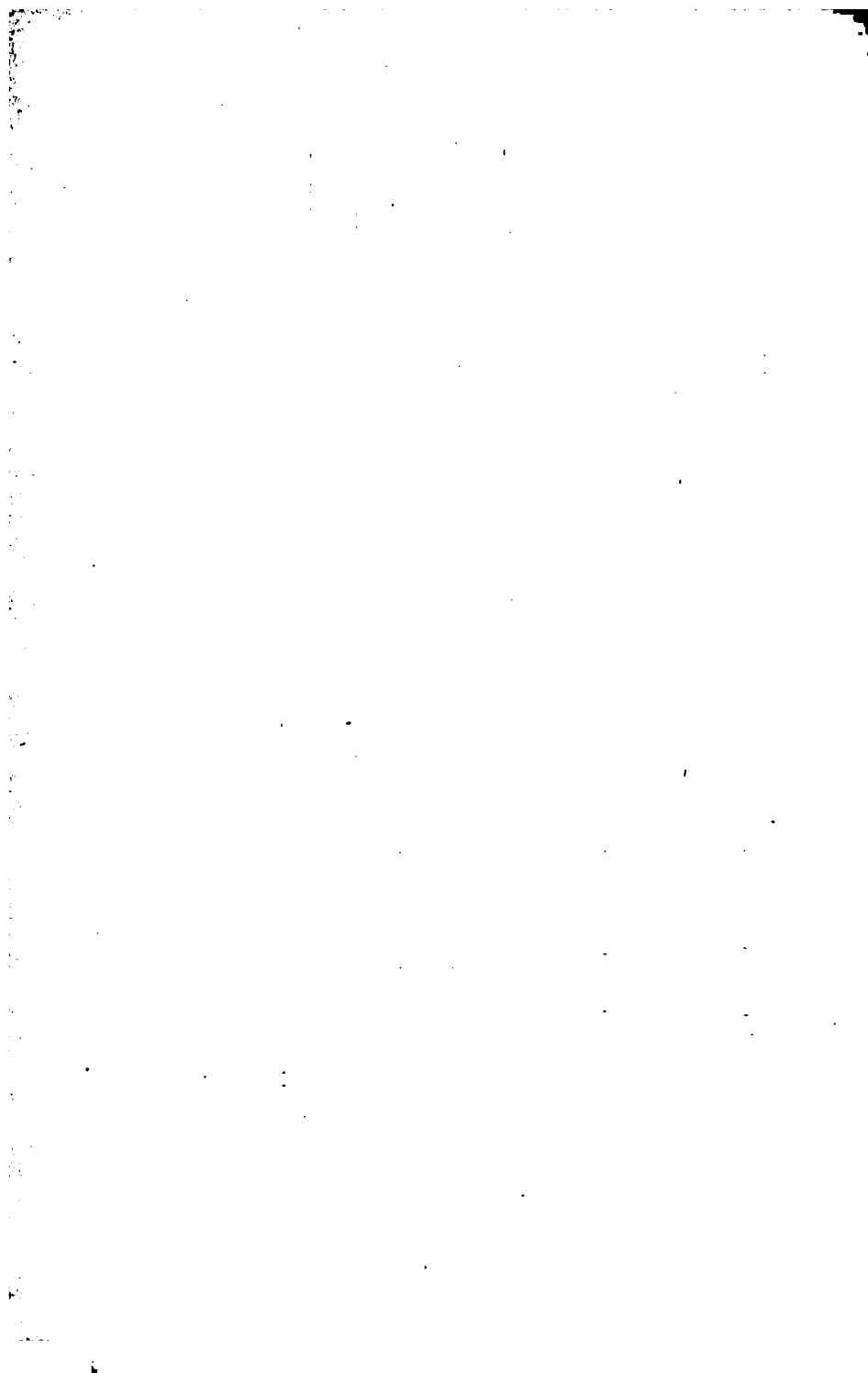
A. LINDEN,

J. M. WILSON.

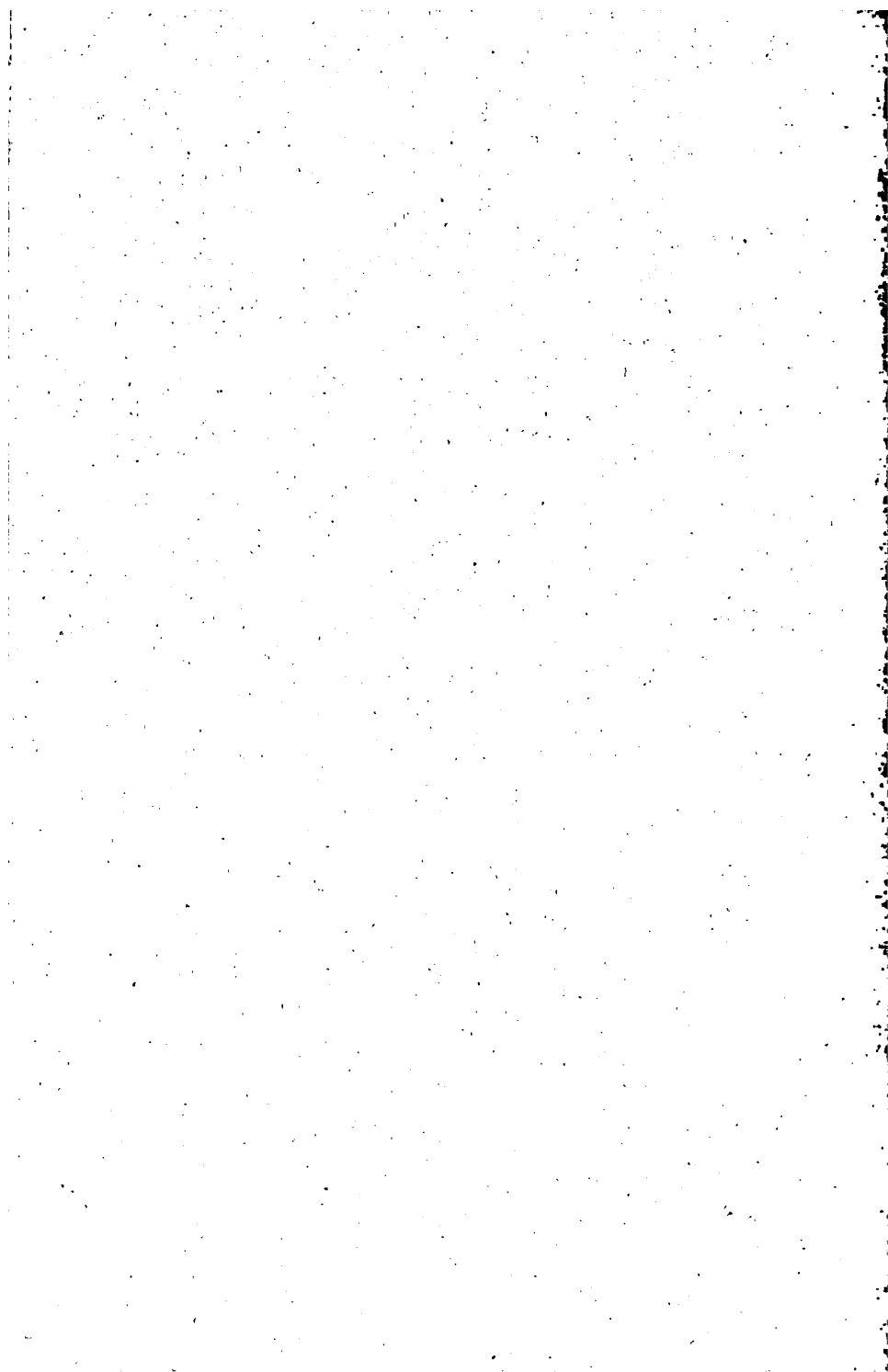
ED. A. CAZALET, President,

SPENT.

	£	s.	d.
Printing, etc.
Periodicals, newspapers and tea at meetings
Books purchased and Library organization ...	26	7	3
"Proceedings" printed &c.	54	8	6
Registration, freight of books, &c.	24	9	0
Correspondence, advertisements, and stationery	21	15	4
Balance to 1897 in South Kensington P. O.
Savings' Bank	273	0	2
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£417	2	8







[No. 17

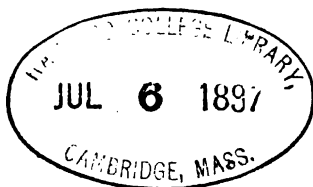
THE
ANGLO-RUSSIAN
LITERARY SOCIETY

(THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE LONDON S.W)

PROCEEDINGS

February, March and April 1897.

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY



Dr. A. C. Coolidge

LONDON

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105 VICTORIA STREET WESTMINSTER S.W

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

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AND EDINBURGH.

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THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY

- 1.—To promote the study of the Russian Language and Literature.
2. To form a library of Russian books and other works, especially interesting from an Anglo-Russian point of view.
- 3.—To take in Russian Periodicals and Newspapers.
4. To hold monthly meetings, periodically, for the reading and discussion of suitable papers, writing and speaking in English or Russian being alike admissible.
- 5.—To promote friendly relations between Great Britain and Russia.

RULES :

1.—That the management of the Society be vested in a Committee, consisting of a President, Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, and five other members, and that of this Committee three shall form a quorum.

2.—That vacancies on the Committee be filled up by the unanimous vote of the Committee.

3.—That applications for membership be made to the Committee. Members will be admitted by the unanimous consent of the Committee.

4.—That members residing in or within fifteen miles of London shall pay an annual subscription of one guinea, and that those residing beyond that distance, or abroad, shall pay an annual subscription of half-a-guinea. Members residing in Russia may pay five roubles.

5.—That all subscriptions be payable in advance.

6.—That ladies may become members and take part in the debates.

7.—That honorary members and correspondents may be elected by the unanimous consent of the Committee.

8.—That visitors may be introduced, and take part in the proceedings on the proposition of two members, and with the sanction of the Committee. Visitors' names will be entered in a special book.

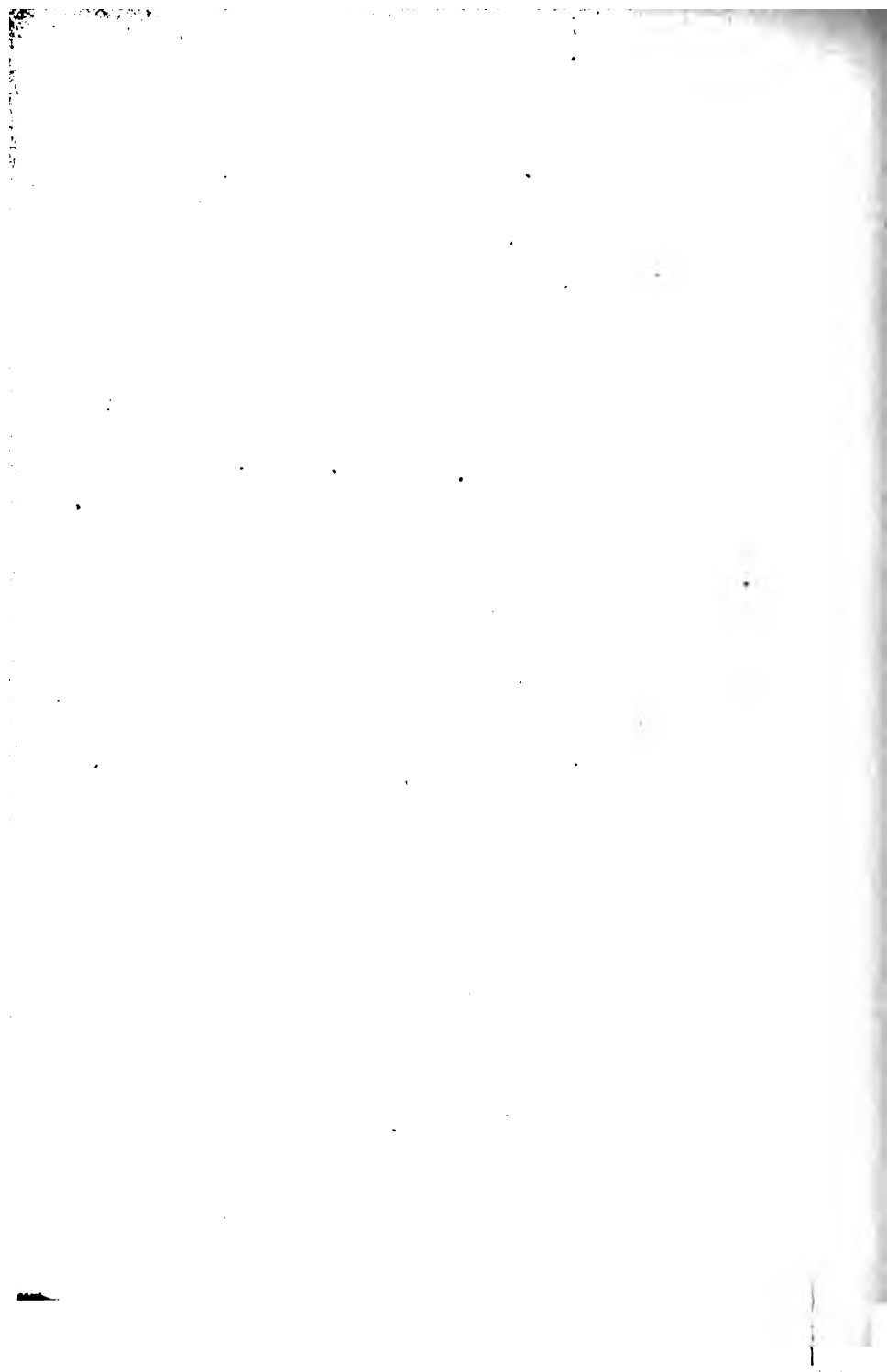
9.—That Annual Meetings shall be summoned and provision made for special meetings, if necessary.

10.—That members or others wishing to open debates, read papers, or give lectures before the Society, be requested to give notice to the Committee, allowing time to prepare the programme for each quarter in advance.

11.—That any questions of procedure not determined by these rules shall be dealt with by the Committee.

The following telegram was received from St. Petersburg on the 15th April, 1897 :—

The Archbishop of York and Mr. W. J. Birkbeck were received in private audience by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. They were afterwards received by the EMPRESS, who graciously consented to become a PATRONESS of the Anglo-Russian Society.



THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,—Although our Army Officers study Russian, and translations of Russian books are read with interest, nothing is done in this country to teach the language practically in any schools or elsewhere. There is even no place in the United Kingdom where a student of that tongue (if he is not in Her Majesty's service) can be examined and receive a certificate to prove his proficiency for commercial or other useful purposes. In Germany Russian is obligatory in several schools, and we are astonished that German commercial travellers obtain more orders in Russia for manufactured and other goods than we do!

Yours, &c.,

Jan. 16th..

ANGLO-RUSSIAN.

*To the Editor of the Morning Post.**

SIR,—With reference to a letter, signed "Anglo-Russian," which appeared in the *Morning Post* of the 19th January, on the advantages derived by Germany and other countries from the teaching of the Russian language in schools for purposes of business, I beg to draw attention to the importance of creating facilities in this country for the study of that tongue, and for the issue of certificates for proficiency in that branch of knowledge. Some people say that commercial correspondence with Russians can be carried on in French and German, ignoring the fact that most Russian traders do not speak any other language but their own, and that those who desire to obtain their orders must not write to them through middlemen, who eventually transfer the connections to Continental manufacturers, but must speak to Russian dealers in Russian. A Cabinet Minister informed me, that Russian taught in English Schools would not be applicable to mercantile purposes, but it strikes me that every study must have a beginning. An eminent author of the day traversed my argument by observing that English people would not learn French and German, much less would they be bothered by Russian. If we are to admit as facts, coming from the high authorities just quoted, that we do not desire to learn foreign languages, and that our schools cannot teach anything useful, we might as well dispense with all instruction, except that which can be acquired in the workshop.

*A similar letter was printed in the *Daily News*.

In the majority of cases Latin and Greek absorb a great deal of time, and are of little practical use for the every day work of the breadwinner at home, in the Colonies and abroad. The study of chemistry, and other useful sciences, unless they are made a speciality, does not confer greater benefits on the young students than classics, *i.e.*, to train their mind. Under these circumstances would it not be wiser to train the mind by teaching more living languages, which can always be kept up and improved by simply reading, writing and speaking, and which can daily be utilised by all classes of society, especially by clerks and commercial travellers, who might obtain higher salaries in consideration of their knowledge of foreign languages? As civilization advances the wants of the 130 odd millions of Russians will also increase, and the representatives of those firms who can converse with them and study their requirements will be the first to obtain their orders. I have known several Englishmen who have been losers by not knowing sufficient Russian to control a Russian contract.

Yours, &c.,

Imperial Institute, Feb. 10th.

E. A. CAZALET.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,—Under the above heading Mr. Cazalet states the advantages of a practical knowledge of the language to those engaged in Russian commerce. If ever certificates are offered for proficiency in Russian may I express a hope that the examination may be thrown open to women? As far as I know the only examinations in Russian held at present are those of the Civil Service Commissioners for Civil and Military interpreterships; no proof of efficiency in the Russian language can be gained by a woman, not even at the Universities. There is far more scope for remunerative woman's work than most people are aware of, in the translation of documents and books, in journalism, in the critical appreciation of a magnificent contemporary literature, and in the endeavour to appraise at its full value the overwhelming power which in another 20 years will belong to Russia in Asia. Many a woman feels as strongly as I do that she would a thousand times sooner devote her mental powers to the practical and remunerative acquisition of living languages, than to the unprofitable study of dead ones—yet what facilities are offered us? Every literature has its classics; but the plodding assiduity with which many ladies immerse themselves in foreign authors of the past, reminds me of an Italian's remark to a countrywoman of my own, "You must find the language of Dante about as useful, colloquially, as the language of Chaucer!"

Yours, &c.,

Feb. 18th.

PRAVDA.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,—*A propos* of Mr. E. A. Cazalet's letter in your issue of the 10th February, it is interesting to note that Prince Bismarck considered that Russian might effectively be substituted for Greek in public schools on account of the mental discipline involved in learning the grammar. The Prince owed much of his popularity in St. Petersburg to a sound mastery of the language, which, I believe, he still possesses. Another advantage from the study of Russian is that it furnishes a key to the whole of the important Slavonic group of tongues, including Servian, Bulgarian, &c., which seems likely to come into prominence.

Yours, &c.,

Brixton-hill, Feb. 19th.

FRANCIS P. MARCHANT.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,—Will you kindly grant me space in your columns to endorse what Mr. Cazalet says in his letter which appeared in your issue of the 20th ult., with reference to the importance of offering facilities in our schools for the study of Russian and for the issue of certificates for proficiency in the language for commercial purposes? As has been stated on more than one occasion by some of our statesmen and by Chairmen of Chambers of Commerce, we are undoubtedly deficient as a nation in linguistic proficiency—the acknowledged modern indispensable weapon for maintaining our commercial supremacy abroad. The days are gone by when English manufacturers could say to native buyers abroad, “Write to us in English and send your orders through a banker.” Our Continental rivals, from their industrial infancy in those days, have grown into manhood, and we have to reckon with their supple, steady competition. To maintain our ground we must reach the native trader direct; we must be in personal contact with him; we must learn his requirements from his own lips; to do this we must be able to communicate with him in his own language. Russia has expanded into the mammoth of the East; her frontiers in Asia are almost, and will be before long, contiguous with our own. The rapid development of her Siberian resources call for increasing demands in machinery and manufactured goods in exchange for raw produce. Her enterprising activity in the Far East summons us to be watchful of our commercial prestige. The Russian has learnt to be independent of the foreigner; he will not employ even a foreign correspondent. The Russian trader writes nowadays to the manufacturer abroad in Russian,

and frequently requires not only the reply, but catalogues and specifications to be sent to him in his own language. Of this I could produce numerous instances in the correspondence which passes through my hands. As in the South American trade knowledge of Spanish is indispensable, so in the Russian trade, if we wish to hold our own, we must master the Russian language. The study of the language is laborious but fascinating.

Yours, &c.,

March 12th.

ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

The following two letters were addressed to other Newspapers.

STR.—You published a letter from Mr. E. A. Cazalet, drawing timely attention to our neglect of the Russian language, and the advisability of teaching it in our schools. This is a matter of no small importance to merchants and manufacturers; for at a time when old markets are being closed to us, and our commercial outlook causes us grave anxiety, we ought not to allow our national indolence in developing new markets to continue. On the one hand, while saving ourselves trouble at present, we may be conceding the future to our great commercial rival, Germany, by helping to establish Russian trade in Germany and greatly by means of the German clerks in our offices; on the other hand, our business—however correctly transacted—must be almost incapable of great development by the awkward intermediary of a third language. Two instances of this may be suggested. (1) Our commercial travellers find German sufficient in the large City firms, but are, elsewhere, dependent on interpreters; and the expense of this method, the troublesome difficulties at Custom Houses and Hotels, and the other drawbacks to travelling without knowing the language of the country, must hamper their enterprise considerably. Moreover, though shrewd men among them may form a good idea of the position of our commerce with Russia and observe opportunities of stimulating it, it is only by free and frequent communications with native Russians that they could gain that appreciation of the idiosyncrasies and requirements of the country by which commerce between two nations can be extended on a firm ground. It may be added that in probability, Russian commerce, once an exotic, will become more and more national. (2) Besides the great firms, we do business with very small firms. In the north of Russia, for instance, there are numbers of such, which trade in flax with our merchants. So far as we are concerned, they consist, often, of one individual, who knows, very likely, the language but his own, and that sometimes so incorrectly that much of a smattering of Russian may be needed to

decipher his letters. Perhaps there is only one man in the English office able to communicate with him; he transacts business with them almost wholly by telegram; letters, whether merely confirmations of telegrams, or complaints, suggestions, questions or requests lie sometimes for weeks unopened in our offices, if the one man who could translate them be away. The trade with these small firms is insignificant, and there is, presumably, no loss to the English firm in treating them so carelessly; but the *volume* of trade with them might be capable of great expansion. It would not, as yet, be worth while to keep a clerk on their account alone, but it might be very useful if any of the clerks had a little knowledge of Russian, to enable them to attend to such letters or visit such firms for their principal. What is desirable is that the rudiments of Russian should be taught early, when receptive memories of children could master many of the difficulties by note and by degrees. Mr. Cazalet also lays stress on the mental training thus provided. In later years, a clerk must have considerable ability or application who, after the fatiguing routine of office hours, is willing to undertake the study of a difficult language, for although the difficulty of acquiring a certain amount of Russian has been greatly exaggerated, its bad reputation is deterrent. It would not only be much easier to add a knowledge of conversational, literary and technically commercial Russian to a foundation of grammar laid at school, but the beauty of the language would inspire many with the desire to continue their study of it, apart from lucrative considerations.

G.S.

Dundee, N.B.

SIR,—I should like to add a few words to what has been said by Mr. Cazalet as to the study of Russian. We cannot all have such opportunities as he has had of mastering the language, but I think that fair facility is within the reach of most. After the initial difficulty of the alphabet is overcome, the language is not more difficult than German. I knew a man over 30 who acquired fair facility in two years, doing much other work at the same time. So there is no reason why more than this should not be accomplished by boys, of say 15 to 17, at the time when the memory is most pliant and retentive. What we want is that less time should be wasted on things that are of no use unless pursued for a very long time. Every boy should have his calling in life marked out for him by the age of 14, and learn nothing after that except what bears directly upon it. We should then no longer have men complaining, like Lord Dufferin, that their training was just beginning when it was supposed to be ending. Long classical or mathematical training makes an excellent basis, but it must always remain, comparatively speaking, the luxury of the leisured few. Unless

we speedily realize this and act on it as befits a nation generally counted eminently practical, our commercial supremacy will in no long time infallibly pass from us.

H. HAVELOCK (M.A. Oxon).

Folkestone.

PRACTICAL RESULT.

To ED. A. CAZALET, Esq.,
President of the Anglo-Russian Society,
"Rewa," near South Croydon.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

DEAR SIR,—Your letters have duly been placed before the Commercial Education Committee of this Chamber and I am pleased to say with success, inasmuch as I have been successful in obtaining the offer of two prizes for proficiency in the Russian Language. These prizes will be offered for award in connection with the forthcoming Junior Examination and the particular attention of the schoolmasters will be drawn to them. A copy of the list of prizes will be sent to you shortly.

I am, Dear Sir,

THE LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
March 18th, 1897.

Yours faithfully,
KENRIC B. MURRAY,
Secretary.

FEBRUARY 2ND, 1897, the PRESIDENT in the chair.

LADY DISBROWE'S RUSSIAN LETTERS.

By Miss ALICE GAUSSEN.

I HAVE been asked to make a few extracts from some letters written from Russia by Lady Disbrowe, (then Mrs. Disbrowe,) wife of Sir Edward Cromwell Disbrowe, Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. Petersburg from 1825-1828.

Alexander I. was on the throne at the time these letters commence, he was the eldest son of Paul I. who died in 1801. Alexander joined with England, Austria, and Sweden, in resisting the encroachments of Napoleon, and the battles of Austerlitz and Eylau, the treaty of Tilsit, and Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, were amongst the prominent events of his reign. He died suddenly Dec. 1, 1825, and after an *interregnum* of three weeks he was succeeded by his younger brother Nicholas, his elder brother Constantine having resigned his right of succession. The interest of these letters consists mainly in the account they give of the conspiracy which broke out on the proclamation of Nicholas as Emperor. But before proceeding to that period, I will give a few of Lady Disbrowe's impressions on her first arrival in Russia. She writes of her husband's appointment :

"It is a step (and a long one too) in his profession, he went out with the powers of Minister Plenipotentiary, and though when an Ambassador goes out these powers cease, yet he does not lose the rank, and in our trade that is a great point."

As events turned out those powers ceased for only a very short time, for though Lord Strangford was appointed Ambassador in 1826, owing to the death of Lady Strangford soon after their arrival in Russia, he returned very shortly to England, leaving Sir Edward Disbrowe at the head of affairs through this eventful period.

Lady Disbrowe's father, the Honourable Robert Kennedy, writes from St. Petersburg—

"This language is only fit for people who have strong muscular jaws, it would kill an Italian, loosen a Frenchman's teeth, and give me a fit of the gout."

He also mentions his daughter's astonishment on first seeing the now universal *dîner à la Russe*—

"Just before dinner was announced she exclaimed, 'what a prodigious appetite I have,' and lo! we saw on the table small plates of raisins, apples, oranges, etc., but no meat or vegetables, so you know nothing of what is to come. We are not reconciled to this way of living, but it familiarises and the dinner is shorter."

Lady Disbrowe describes the enormous wealth of the merchants in Russia, where they form quite a distinct class, and the handsome dresses of their wives; but the effect of their splendid jewels, and cashmere shawls, was quite spoilt by their wearing frightful skull caps fitting tightly to the head, made in silks of the most showy colors. Probably they shared the prejudices of the peasants, amongst whom it was considered the greatest disgrace for a married woman that her hair should be seen, and a close cap denoted a matron. If by any accident her husband entered the room when she was combing her hair, she would cover her head.

The Russian ladies in 1825 appear to have been quite as extravagant as the smart ladies of the present day. Many who were considered moderate, spent £400 or £500 a year on dress, though Princess Sophie Volkonsky, a lady who chose to be very independent, and to have ideas of her own,

said four dresses carried her through the winter, but she was no rule, as she was considered *très singulière*." She had the courage to walk about without a servant, to drive with only one pair of horses, and refused to go to Court.

Soon after his arrival in Russia, the newly appointed minister and his wife were present at a fête at Peterhof, on which occasion they were presented to the Emperor Alexander and the Empress Elizabeth, as well as to the Empress mother, widow of Paul I. The latter, with her husband, had taken part in the festivities of the Court of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette some forty or fifty years before, when they were known as the young Comte and Comtesse du Nord. In 1825 her figure remained as erect as a young girl, and she was wonderful for her age. During the fête the *corps diplomatique* were lodged in spacious apartments prepared for them in the Palais du Jardin Anglais, at Peterhof. The Emperor supplied them with house, board, servants and carriages called "lignes," which held eight and looked like two sofas placed back to back on wheels. In short nothing could exceed the handsome manner in which they were treated.

One hundred and thirty thousand persons were said to be assembled at the fête, and the Emperor had four thousand horses of his own employed in the service of the Court. Lodgings for such a concourse were out of the question, and carriages of all sorts and descriptions were converted into sleeping and dressing rooms. In one might be seen a fair lady adorning herself, in another a party at dinner. Groups of Finns, Tartars, Calmouks, Jews, German colonists, horses, men, women and children covered the ground and formed the strangest assemblage it is possible to conceive. People of every class were admitted to the Palace, and it was a striking spectacle to see the Emperor, Grand Dukes and Duchesses, Courtly Dames, Princes and

Counts whirling through crowds of rustics, the men with long beards and the women in russet gowns, who gazed with respectful astonishment, and though in close contact with these grandees, showed no symptoms of rudeness, and were as quiet and unassuming as if they had been bred to palaces and balls. There was no pushing, shoving or noise, such a fête could only be given in Russia where the people are so docile and orderly, it would be impossible to admit either the English mob to St. James' or a French *canaille* to the Tuileries.

The composition of many of the Russian *ménages* appears to have been very curious; usually in addition to the numerous family, there were odd mixtures of *Dames de compagnie* and servants, the latter were all serfs—for instance at Madame Metliffe's the housekeeper and companion was a dwarf not taller than a child of three, then there was a music mistress and an old French *émigré*, all these were treated as part of the family, which consisted of two daughters, two sons, a daughter-in-law and a poor niece. This combination seems to have been attractive, for we are told Lord Castlereagh domesticated himself in this family.

Plate glass must have been general in Russia before it was used in England: the windows of the great houses are described as being of a single pane, which was very handsome, but considered treacherous, as added to the danger of thrusting ones head through the window under the impression it was open, there was also the fear of taking cold through imagining oneself to be exposed to the outer air!

The Russian *trousseaux* were managed in a strange manner. It was not at all necessary that a marriage should be on the *tapis*. Whenever opportunity presented itself the *trousseau* was formed, and every year something was added to it, so that little had to be done when the man was found; for example, Princess Sophie Volkonsky (the lady of

independent ideas), swore there was no marriage going on, but that it was always better to be prepared and not to be hurried at the last.

Suddenly the whole Empire was plunged into mourning by the death of the Emperor Alexander, which occurred December 1st, 1825, at Taganrog, after an illness of only six days, of typhus fever. This important event, not only for Russia but for the whole civilised world, caused general consternation. A remarkable trait of the people's grief was that the taverns were entirely deserted. The poor Empress Elizabeth had the melancholy consolation of being with her husband during the whole of his short illness, and of performing the last sad duties of a wife. She had known very little of the happiness of one, but they were united at the last, her only consolation was the certainty of not long surviving her husband. Her wish was fulfilled five months later, for on the 4th May, 1826, on her way from Taganrog to meet the Empress mother, her gentle spirit fled and her sorrows and sufferings were over. She had outlived her children, friends, and every tie, and had lost her husband just as he was returning to her after many years of separation.

The Empress mother was very resigned—it was the fifth child she had lost. During the Emperor's illness there had been a slight amelioration in the fever, and on receiving the good news, the poor old Empress ordered a "Te Deum" to be celebrated. The ceremony had just begun when the fatal news arrived. The Grand Duke Nicholas repaired to the chapel, stopped the service, and made signs to the Priest to take the cross to the Empress, saying, "My mother, look on that sign of suffering, and be resigned to the greatest misfortune you can meet with on earth, The Emperor is dead." She took the cross, clasped it to her breast, and dropped down—they thought she was gone also.

Alexander I. had done more for Russia than any three sovereigns she ever possessed. After the retreat of Moscow, he shewed himself valiant, magnanimous and moderate. He died at the moment his admirers would most have desired. He knew for a long period that an explosion was fast approaching and designated some of the leaders, whose arrest he ordered. Dreading the crisis, and feeling incapable of meeting it, his heart and spirit were broken, and he allowed his malady, which in its earlier stages was trifling, to gain strength by refusing the succour of art, until it was too late. An Englishman named Sherwood discovered the plot of Kief, and warned Alexander; he was handsomely rewarded, and the word faithful (Vernoi in Russian) added to his name. He was the son of an English mechanic, and rose from the rank of private to that of Colonel in the Russian Army.

The Emperor's brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, who was Viceroy of Poland, had resigned his right of succession to the Crown for himself and his children, on his marriage with Princess Lowitz, the fact of her being a Roman Catholic, and not of Royal blood, excluded her and her descendants from the throne. But in spite of his resignation having been drawn up and signed by the late Emperor, for *fifteen days* every one supposed that Constantine meant to govern them, and expected his arrival from Poland with impatience.

The Grand Duke Nicholas was the first to swear allegiance to the Emperor Constantine, and everyone hastened to follow his example in taking the oath. But Constantine would have nothing to do with the Crown, and so his brother Nicholas was declared Emperor on December 24th, 1825.

Constantine, when told he was proclaimed, asked if they thought him a man to be frightened into making a declaration; or that they supposed he did not willingly resign the

crown. Everyone but himself realised that it was necessary for him to accept the crown, and then abdicate. His conduct when requested to do so, was extraordinary but consistent. He answered by a flat refusal, and said if they chose to proclaim him, and found themselves in trouble, the fault was theirs and they must answer for the consequences, that he never changed his determination. All the troops had sworn allegiance to him, as soon as the death of the Emperor Alexander was known. Lady Disbrowe writes: "What a waste of oaths, luckily they are a natural production, and fresh ones may be had any day." The accession of Nicholas fortunately caused the revolt, which had long been threatening, to declare itself prematurely, and though it was a melancholy commencement to his reign, he considered himself happy, in being the means of bringing the deep laid plot to light, and saving his country from further bloodshed. It was not merely the work of a few obscure individuals, the cause of the evil lay much deeper. It was a contest for power between the crown and the nobility, in a nation in which a middle class did not exist.

Peter the Great subdued by his firmness a nobility which had previously domineered over the crown. Catherine II. managed to overawe them. Alexander escaped from them and was for a time master of his empire. He was imbued with liberal principles, the germs of which were sown in his mind by La Harpe, and in 1814 (when he was much under the influence of Madame de Krudener, a religious enthusiast whose predictions excited much attention), he wished to prepare his own Empire for receiving these principles, by introducing them in Poland. His officers who represented the nobility, talent, and opulence of the country, flattered him by professing themselves in favor of constitutional government. Alexander encouraged these revolutionary principles, and a party was formed among the nobles, whose

ancestors before the time of Peter the Great had ruled Russia in ruling the Sovereign. He tried to form a third class by establishing guilds of merchants, to the first class of which the nobles were admitted, and to which their rights and distinctions were granted; all persons serving in the army were to remain longer in the rank of corporal; he increased the landowners' taxes, lent money to a spendthrift nobility, then increased the mortgage by adding to it the interest they could not pay. This brought under his control one tenth of the landed property. By diminishing the power of the nobles he rendered many of them inimical. The peasantry were oppressed by local restrictions on their trade, the establishment of military colonies, under the notorious General Arakcheev, to whom he had delegated almost unlimited power; and the peasants were ruined by being drilled like soldiers, instead of being left in peace to till the soil. The influence of foreigners also caused great discontent, foreign affairs were intrusted to a Greek, a Livonian was Ambassador in London, a Corsican in Paris, a Finn in Berlin, an Englishman was in command on the Black Sea, a German on the Baltic, whilst another was Minister of Marine. An Italian was Governor of Riga, a Wurtemburger of Petersburg, and a Tartar was in command of the army.

The revolt broke out on December 14th, the day Nicholas was declared Emperor. There was a *Te Deum* on his accession in the Kazan Church, on which occasion Lady Disbrowe took off her mourning. She writes—

"I reached the top of the stairs, when lo and behold! Sir Daniel Bayley (the British Consul General), appeared with a tremendously long face, telling us not to stir, for one of the regiments had refused to take the oath to Nicholas and bayoneted two of their officers and a General. They declare they will have no other Emperor than Constantine, and that he is shut up in Petersburg. They are now drawn up in square in the Place d'Isaac, have loaded with ball, and heaven knows what will follow. The chevalier guard took the oaths to Nicholas

and are assembling to quell this insubordination. All the people declare for Constantine. The rebels will not receive the Emperor's aide-de-camp, and troops are marching up on all sides to surround them. It is dreadful to hear the firing, and each round goes to my heart."

The poor soldiers were entirely misled by their officers, but irritated at the deception practised on them, and soothed and flattered by the Emperor they soon returned to their duty. The Government had been much to blame in keeping them so long in ignorance, and the poor misguided people hardly deserved the name of rebels. They all evinced the deepest sorrow and repentance and received a general pardon, but upwards of thirty officers, who excited them to revolt, were arrested. It was impossible to ascertain the number of lives lost, but more spectators than soldiers were killed. The Senate House was dreadfully battered, and it was terrible to see the traces of blood on the snow. A General, who had escaped without a wound from forty-seven battles, fell by the hand of an assassin. He was robbed of his watch and star as they carried him home dying. As a proof of how the soldiers were deceived, they were told to cry Constantine and *Constitutzia*, a Russian word for Constitution. When they asked the meaning of this they were told it was the name of Constantine's wife!

The disturbances near Kief were dreadful, but would have been worse had not the chief leaders been previously arrested. After proclaiming Constantine they threw off the mask and declared the Slavonian Republic, and they had arranged to pillage St. Petersburg. Men of the highest rank and talent in the country (though not taking part in the revolt of the 14th December), were engaged in the conspiracy to establish a free constitution in the Empire. The object of the rebels in the South was to establish a monarchy with such restraints as the army thought fit to impose; that of Kief was Republicanism; that of the North and Petersburg, the destruction of the Imperial family and of all Govern-

ment. Many people think that "Nihilism," dates, if not its birth at least its first important development, from the year 1825. Every day added to the list of conspirators, and each family trembled lest some member of its own should be implicated, and many were in the deepest distress. Prince Troubetskoy, who was one of the leading men in this affair, made the most important revelations. Lord Strangford, who was famous for his delightful repartees, asked Count Lebzeltern if the Emperor had talked politics to him; "Not a word, he spoke of nothing but the Prince Troubetskoy." "That is what you call delicacy," added Count Martiny. "No, that is what you call *choisir un mauvais sujet*," said my Lord!

Princess Troubetskoy obtained the Emperor's permission to follow her husband to Siberia. She had to travel 4,000 versts before she could learn his ultimate destination, and would very likely have to follow him 5,000 versts further to the frontier of China. She was resigned and even happy to have this opportunity of proving her affection for her husband. Her resolution was quite heroic—she gave up every comfort and her whole family, to follow this man. He was condemned to hard labour for life. The conspirators were sent off, each attended by a gendarme. They were dead in the eye of the law, lost their property and their names, and only by the clemency of the Emperor their children escaped punishment for their father's crimes. Their marriages were annulled and their wives might marry again, but in this case these unhappy women followed their husbands who they would only be allowed to see once a week. Any children born in exile were to be considered peasants, and were not to share the nobility or name of those born previously. Princess Sophie Volkonsky, in spite of her advanced and independent notions, was distracted about her brother who was deeply implicated in the con-

spiracy, and was amongst the condemned; it was feared she might take some extraordinary steps in her distress. The old Princess Volkonsky determined to follow her son, and her family considered it quite possible for her to have a tent pitched on the Steppes, and a physician to attend her. The climate is better than St. Petersburg, and they thought that travelling during the winter in a sledge would save her the fatigue of the bad roads. The poor old lady was so high at Court, and immediately about the person of the Empress, she thought it impossible for any of her children to be disloyal, and was loud and severe in her denunciations of the conspirators.

Lady Disbrowe was in despair at what she calls "the dreadfully dismal mourning" which the Court and diplomatic circle were condemned to wear for one year. A doll was dressed up as a pattern. She writes—

"We all look so doleful in our common black flannel dresses which are quite frightful, the length of the trains and hems of the falling collars are fixed according to our rank, weepers of the same width, black caps, &c. Last night, at Madame de la Ferronaye's (the wife of the French Ambassador), we tried to enliven the dullness of the diplomatic meeting by appearing in the pointed black bands across the forehead hiding the hair completely, but modern coquetry steals out a curl or two, alack a day! I sigh over my velvet pelisse and five dresses never worn, and then turn to a magnificent robe for the coronation, a black one for the funeral, and then sigh again twice as hard!"

This enforced mourning was rather hard on the diplomatic circle, more especially as though the Russians considered it improper to go to their houses, amongst themselves they were said to be amusing themselves vastly!

The Duke of Wellington was sent on a special mission to attend the funeral of the Emperor Alexander. It was a curious fact that he was the only Russian Field Marshal. He was received with great ceremony; an officer and feldjäger were sent to meet him at the frontier, and his

journey to Petersburg was a triumphal progress, military honors awaiting him in every town. The Duke was much bored by the daily parades, and the Russians were not accustomed to see a Commander-in-Chief walking about without his uniform; their ideas of military grandeur leading them to expect a full dress on all occasions. Amongst the presents prepared for him were a pair of pistols set in diamonds, value £6000, and two magnificent sable pelisses, each worth 6000 roubles. Lady Disbrowe remarks—

“I hope the Duchess will get a *trimming* (I mean a fur one) for I believe she has enough of the other sort from his Grace!”

The ceremonials at the funeral appear to have been the same as those described in the newspapers on the occasion of the late Emperor's decease in 1894, so I will merely mention one incident. Ilia, the coachman, who had driven the Emperor for twenty years, obtained permission to conduct the funeral car from Taganrog to the grave. He was an interesting man, with a bushy grey beard, which according to etiquette ought to have been cut off, but he was so miserable, and cried three days about it, that it was allowed to remain. The fact of his conducting the bier tranquillised the people about the real death of the Emperor. It had been reported that he was imprisoned and not dead, and that the funeral was an imposition, but when they saw Ilia they were convinced that he would not have been prevailed upon to drive aught but the body of his late master.

The Emperor Nicholas received many anonymous letters telling him his life was in danger; he merely remarked, “they wish to make me either a tyrant or a coward; I never will be one or the other.”

In August, 1826, the coronation took place at Moscow. The poor old Dowager Empress for the third time took part

in the ceremony, and on entering the Cathedral of the Assumption took her place on a small throne to the right of the Emperor. The beauty of the Empress Alexandrine, daughter of the King of Prussia, with her hair hanging in curls on her shoulders, and wearing nothing on her head but her pretty little diamond crown, reminds one of the description of the present Empress Alexandra at the recent coronation, and for those who have so lately read the account of the ceremony in 1896, it would be wearisome to describe a function which appears to have been identical in every detail.

On account of the Empress' delicate health, which seemed to cause the Emperor great solicitude, the service was *curtailed* to three hours and a half! and he insisted on her sitting down during the greater part of the ceremony. The Emperor was remarkably handsome and the Empress a very beautiful woman, their attachment to each other was exemplary.

The Grand Duke Constantine had an extraordinary and noble part to play on the occasion, in placing his younger brother in his own stead, voluntarily resigning to him the Imperial sway, and performing the duties of a subject of his own free will, in a cheerful and simple manner that showed he was happy in doing so. In appearance he was greatly inferior to the Emperor, being short, thick, and ugly, but that did not militate against his noble conduct, which was unparalleled in history. He and the Grand Duke Michel attended the Emperor, who delivered up his sword to Constantine previous to receiving the sacrament; the latter smiled so kindly when he embraced his brother after assisting to invest him with the Imperial dignity, that all those present felt convinced he was sincere in his attachment and congratulations.

The diplomatists were well placed, & were moved about

like a flock of sheep, a master of the ceremonies performing the part of a strict shepherd, and keeping them in great order.

The Duke of Devonshire was sent as Ambassador to St. Petersburg for the Coronation; he paid 60,000 roubles for his house at Moscow for the occasion. The proprietor made a great favor of letting it at this fabulous price, and told the Duke the idea of doing so had never entered his head, but that the Empress Mother had spoken so well of him, and had assured him that he was *un très brave homme*, that he had consented to do so. Not being a military character, the Duke did not receive the honours paid to the French and Swedish Ambassadors, who were both Field Marshals; but even the French owned that his parties were by far the most agreeable and gay, and attributed the contrast between the two Ambassadors to the Duc de Raguse being elderly, married and rheumatic, while the Duke of Devonshire was young, gay, fond of dancing, and only known from his rank and riches, which did not overawe the ladies so much as the Marshal's attributes. It was amusing to hear the recommendations with which the ladies desirous of going to the Duke's parties were pushed forward. When they were said to be very pretty, Lady Disbrowe inspected them, and authorised their going, but she was extremely cautious of either inviting people, or in any way doing the honors. She tells us that on these great occasions the ladies were very fond of wearing dresses of the famous Moscow blue, which was odoriferous and unwholesome, as it was dyed with verdigris, and occasioned much sneezing; her husband forbade her wearing it, which she regretted, thinking it would not kill her half so much as did the other blues.

At a parade of 30,000 men, one luckless officer was just saluting the Emperor, when a clumsy drum major struck his horse, nearly upsetting the officer, and carrying off the fine

flowing tail with which the steed was adorned, exposed the shabby stump that nature had bestowed upon him: the rider went on quite unconsciously, and the Emperor and everyone laughed!

The account of the Fête Populaire is of interest in consequence of the appalling disaster which so recently took place on a similar occasion; 200,000 people were assembled, and a regular scramble took place, the guests had full liberty to carry away whatever they could lay hold of, tablecloths were torn to pieces, tables broken up, provisions appropriated, the wine swallowed instantaneously, and no sooner were the contents disposed of than they began to demolish the very buildings. The havoc and confusion were indescribable. The weather was dry but cold and dark, and the ground a complete swamp. The Imperial family and diplomatic circle were accommodated in a pretty temple in the centre, but it was too low and too distant to see the whole fun to advantage. The Empress Mother told Madame de Staël that Moscow was compared to Rome, and asked if she thought it was justly so. "Oui, mais Rome Tartare" replied Madame la Baronne.

The journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow was considered a mere step, and not worthy of being called a journey, however to English ideas 500 miles was no joke. A striking difference between the two capitals was, that at St. Petersburg everything was known, every whisper repeated, whereas at Moscow the distances were so bewildering that nothing was known of what was going on, and there seemed no focus for information. As a drive from one extremity of the town to another occupied an hour, the residents might be excused choosing their friends according to streets, and measuring their attachment by versts, in order to avoid passing the greater portion of their time in driving over the bad Moscovite paving.

About this time a great sensation was caused by the duel of the Duc de Guiche with Mr. Cradock, in which the latter was wounded. To such an extent did the admiration of the Parisian ladies carry them that they wore *des manches à la Cradock* in imitation of his sling.

We are told of a very curious fashion of harnessing horses *à la Pegase*, three or four abreast, like chariots of the sun, the outrigger always half turned back as if looking at the driver, prancing, dancing, tearing and tossing, and appearing to be on the point of leaving the carriage. The Russian harness was made as light as possible, a great contrast to the English fashion of loading the horses with leather and buckles.

Marriages were arranged in a curious manner; we are given two instances. Count B. was disagreeable looking, but was clever—his bride was plain and had very little money—he had none. He told his confessor that he wanted a wife, but that women had such bad tempers and were so capricious, etc., that he was afraid to venture a second time on matrimony. The priest said he knew a young lady with the conscience and temper of an angel, but—she was ugly—“Never mind,” said the Count, “introduce me,” which he did, and the following day the marriage was settled. The poor girl had determined to go into a convent, she was so miserable at being refused permission to follow her brother to Siberia (he was in the conspiracy).

Another amusing case is that of Madame Alopeus, who was in a high state of nervousness and uneasiness, because *il s'est présenté un parti pour sa fille*. It was not quite as brilliant as she would desire, or as she considered Alexandrine deserved, still, it merited attention, and she was quite miserable, not knowing whether to give her daughter away, or to give up the match—Alexandrine's perfect calmness about the affair was diverting, and it appeared more as if it were a house than a husband that

she was about to take. Lady Disbrowe remarks "It is a good thing not to have nerves, as here men, women, and children are martyrs to these horrid ingredients of mortality."

The lovely and spirituelle Pauline de la Ferronaye afterwards Mrs. Augustus Craven, authoress of "*Récit d'une Sœur*" was the life, and soul, of the society at St. Petersburg. Her father, Count de la Ferronaye, was French Ambassador at the Russian Court, until 1828, when he returned to France, as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Lady Paulina (as with her love of all things English, she liked to be called) was in despair, for she had lived so long in Russia that it was almost like her own country, and she was a much more important little personage there than in Paris. She is described as a beautiful, spoilt, fanciful, wayward, clever little body, that everyone indulged, and could not help it.

At one of the balls the Kirghiz Khan and his wife, "*Madame la Canne*" as the French called her, were present. She wore a rich caftan and fur cap with pointed crown and large veil. She was young, fair, and as pretty as Calmouk features would permit, with little twinkling eyes, set far apart, as if they had been sunk into slits specially cut for them in the broad flat face, which appeared to have been originally made without eyes. The Grand Duchess Hélène asked if she objected to her husband having several wives. She said she did not mind; that he had only *one* besides herself whom he liked very much, and that she was the one he liked and esteemed most, but she believed he meant to take a third. The wife of the Hetman of the Cossacks, who had followed her husband in all his campaigns, was also present in her national costume, which she retained because the Emperor Alexander had approved of it. She looked like an ambulating feather-bed mounted on bed-posts.

Of the wolves in Russia we are told two stories, the first undoubtedly true, as Sir Edward Disbrowe was an eye-

witness of a most extraordinary hunt ; it was intended for a wolf chase, but the sagacious beast refused to run when set at liberty. By dint of flogging they prevailed upon him to move, when he immediately took to the river. Two men dismounted and went to fish him out, one seized him by the tail at the same moment the other twisted his whip round his neck. This treatment offended him extremely, and he in vain attempted to wreak vengeance on his gaolers ; they however kept at a distance, and once more placed him on *terra firma*. The dogs barked, but dared not bite. However, wolf did not like their company and took shelter among the equestrians, where he quietly squatted down. The hunt laughed, and rode off in pursuit of other game.

The other story is more marvellous, and is told on the authority of Prince Repnine, who swore it was a fact. He and his wife were driving through a wood in the Government of Pultava, when something happened to the harness ; he got out of the sledge to put it right, just at that moment a bear jumped into the sledge, the horses took fright, ran away with the Princess and her shaggy companion. The Prince gave up all for lost, supposed his wife devoured by the bear, or the bear by her, but the *dénouement* was not tragical, the horses took the way home and stopped at the door, where the servants were ready to receive the Princess and her companion. To give some probability to this story, it should be mentioned that poor bruin was pursued by wolves, and that the sledge tempted him as a shelter, and then the pleasure of the drive probably prevented his taking notice of the Princess. But, as some unbelieving hearer remarked, why did not the wolves eat the Prince !

The diplomatists were invited to the fag end of a feast given by Count Koutchoubey to the Imperial Family to close the carnival. It began at two o'clock, and they danced till twelve, when a flourish of trumpets announced the com—

mencement of Lent, for the Greek Church begins it two days before the Catholic. Everyone took a last twirl, and then deliberately began a mutual cross-examination of "*quand faites vous vos dévotions*," to the great amusement, or rather scandal, of the heretics. Then followed the terrible week (as the Russians express it), and on the following Sunday the *corps diplomatique* met at the French Ambassadors to break the fast they had never kept, and to present eggs to the ladies, and with the salutation "Christos voskress," Christ is risen, to kiss their hands and receive the same on the cheek.

In September, 1826, the Russians declared war against the Persians. This event detained the Disbrowes in a state of uncertainty at Moscow, and Lady Disbrowe writes the following amusing letter to her sister:—

"The Shah of Persia was anxious that I should see all the fêtes of the Coronation out, and therefore very kindly went to war, or rather provoked the Russians to declare it against him, so of course I have abundance of occupation with the Foreign Office here, and am detained here much longer than I intended; however, I have serious ideas of calling upon the Emperor or Count Nesselrode to pack my trunks next time, as they have made me undo them these two times, and I do not find it the most agreeable of occupations. No doubt you suppose me to be rhodomontading all this time, but I assure you that the reason H.L.M. has paid me and the Duke of Devonshire so much attention was because the ticklish state of affairs between Persia and Russia made it necessary to curry favour with England, and my influence being so great it was best to secure it. '*Se non è vero è ben trovato*,' and it is just as good a reason as another. On the 22nd the Duke of Devonshire gave his fête, and I did the honors, went to the door to receive the Imperial pair, handed the Emperor upstairs, polonaised with him, remained by the Empress the whole evening, supped with her, and talked to them both, in short I was greater than the great, and they were kindness itself to me, and I was very happy, and only very little nervous; I tell the Duke that my greatness emanates from him, and that now he is going I must return to my former littleness, he however remains the great man, which I think is hard on me!"

In 1845 the Emperor Nicholas visited England, and when attending a review at Windsor remarked, "What magnificent troops! but where are the armies you win your battles with?"

The President expressed the hearty gratitude of the Society to Miss Gaussen and to Miss Disbrowe, who was also present and showed some interesting engravings which illustrated the lecture, for the authentic and entertaining communication with which they had favoured the A.R.L.S.

Some remarks made by the Rev. W. LANGHORNE and Mr. E. D. MORGAN concluded the proceedings.

MARCH 2ND, 1897, SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE,
K.C.I.E., in the Chair.

A. S. KHOMIAKOV.*

By L. DE BOGDANOVITCH.

Translated by H. HAVELOCK, M.A.

THERE can, I think, be no doubt that all here present remember, as well as I do, the memorable words spoken here on the 6th November, 1895, by the Archbishop Nicholas. "I particularly recommend to the members of the A.R.L.S. to acquaint themselves with and to study the works of the truly patriotic writers of Russia, the works of that famous Pleiad of writers who called themselves Slavophiles, in whose steps walked Khomiakov, Y. Samarin, the brothers Aksakov, the brothers Kireevski, and others, and whose female representative, O. Novikov, you see among you."

As little do I doubt that the words of His Grace did not fall on barren soil, and therefore hope that the Society will listen graciously to the account given by me to-day of the life and work of A. S. Khomiakov, the Father of Slavophiles, and the Master of the Slavophiles that followed him. My account will not prove sufficient in itself, or exhaust the wide and many-sided activity of Khomiakov, which must be studied in the work of his disciple Valerius Liaskovski.

I simply wish to give an outline of this admirable work, which the Society has received with great interest, and to say a few words about this gifted Russian poet, philosopher and patriot, leaving further details to more competent people than myself.

* The authors are responsible for any dissimilarity in the spelling of Russian names.

The origin of Khomiakov is both interesting and remarkable. In the middle of the eighteenth century there lived near Tula a squire named Cyril Khomiakov, who had lost his wife and children and was sole master of a rich property. Not wishing to alienate his property from the family, and at the same time unwilling to hand over his serfs to a bad master, he called a meeting of the commune and proposed that the peasants should elect a squire from the members of his family. The peasants attended the meeting, and chose unanimously Feodor Khomiakov, who had been Sergeant in the Guards. Hereupon the squire sent for Feodor, made his acquaintance, convinced himself of the wisdom of the peasants' choice, whom he found to be a straightforward and reliable man, and bequeathing his wealth to him, died contented at leaving his peasants in trustworthy hands. So trustworthy did they prove, that Feodor increased the wealth bequeathed to him to such an extent that, when in 1787 the Empress Catherine passed through Tula and proposed to found a bank for the benefit of the gentry, she received the reply, "We want no bank, your Majesty: we have Feodor Khomiakov."

His son, Alexander, dissipated the family fortunes, and his grandson Stefan, father of the poet-philosopher, continued the work, but his wife, a Kireevski, took charge of their affairs, and paid her husband's debts.

Maria Alexievna, the mother of Alexis, was a remarkable woman in every way, combining a warm heart with strong convictions, and as strong a will. She had great influence on her son, who many years after wrote thus of her:—

"She was an excellent example of an age, which is not yet properly appreciated, the age of Catherine. All the better representatives of that age bore a certain resemblance to the soldiers of Suvorov. Something in them bore witness to an untiring, irrepressible, and self-reliant strength. They had a certain habit of wide horizon of thought, rare among the people of a later age. The old lady had a moral

breadth and a force of spiritual convictions, which certainly did not wholly belong to that age ; but she also had its distinguishing features, faith in her country and love for it. To her, public interests were always her own private interests. She fell sick, and grieved, and rejoiced far more for that country than for herself and those near to her."

Her son Alexis was eight years old in the terrible year (1812) of the War of Defence, and if he was too young to fully realize all that passed over their heads, yet he was precocious enough to feel it instinctively, and the soil was already prepared in his mind for such feelings. The Khomiakovs did not bring up their children as strangers to the National life, like other gentlefolks, and Alexis had been surrounded from his childhood by the living traces of times gone by, and heard their traditions at first hand, while his home was full of memorials of them. The child knew that his ancestor Peter had been the favourite of Tsar Alexis the Peaceful, and could see his letters to that ancestor. He knew too of the selection of his great-grandfather to succeed to the property, which reminded him of the election as Tsar of Michael Romanov ; and it was natural that he should acquire notions as to the obligations attaching to the 'social contract,' notions which we find later set forth in his Homilies. From his childhood he had been accustomed to feel his close ties to the people, and this sense of nearness was strengthened by a more sacred bond, that of religious unity. For in the home of the Khomiakovs, life was ruled by strictly orthodox principles. The surroundings of his childhood retained their influence on him during thirty or forty years, and made a searching inquirer of him, and one whose creative thought was crystallized into a regular system. Brought up in the freedom of a country life, he had yet had an excellent education for his day, and knew French, German, English, and Latin well. Later he studied Greek thoroughly; and learnt some Sanskrit.

In 1815, on his way from one of his estates to another the lad saw some portraits of George the Black, and the image of the Servian hero took deep root in his imagination. He and his brother began to dream of taking arms against Napoleon, and when after Waterloo the latter asked him, "Who will you fight now?" he replied, "I will raise an insurrection among the Slavs."

At St. Petersburg, which he thought a heathen city, the family spent two years, and he himself took lessons in Russian literature of Andrei Jandre the friend of Griboyedov, who instilled his principles into his pupil; between the protests of Chatski in 'Too much wit' and the latest Moscow tendencies it was impossible for young Khomiakov not to see a close connexion. Jandre, on his part, ended by adopting in the sequel his pupil's tenets, and imparting them to his brother and children. I was still at school when Jandre died, but I remember his true orthodox spirit and sincere patriotism as displayed in his brother's family, where I was brought up, and where Khomiakov's memory was held in high honour.

Khomiakov finished his education under Glogolev D.Ph., and Schepkin, the friend of Sergii Aksakov, taking full advantage throughout of the well-stocked library of his father. What this education was, is proved by the fact that at fifteen he translated Tacitus' 'Germania,' a translation which was printed two years later, and not long afterwards passed his matriculation at Moscow University. At this time the struggle for the liberation of Greece was in progress. The Greek agent Arbé was a frequent visitor at the house, and his stories so fired the young Khomiakov, that he provided himself with a false passport, a dagger and money, but was soon caught and brought home again. His father did not punish him, but determined to give his vent free play, by preparing him for the army.

This period of enthusiasm for the Greek cause, and brooding over his own abortive flight, led to many poetical attempts on Khomiakov's part, in which he gave vent to his dreams of heroic feats, of fighting for the faith, and of the Judgment awaiting the East.

Here is one of them :

The voice of God cries, ' Gather to the East,
Ye nations, gather and be justice done ;
And blindly answering to the call,
The nations o'er the waters sail,
Or haste by land towards the sun.
They haste, and scenting bloodshed dire,
And discord, full of eager zeal ;
They gather where the Black Sea joins
The azure Bosphorus ; and the waves
Murmur and sing by turns.'

In these days when such a judgment seems indeed close at hand for the East, the following stanza seems prophetic—

Thy judgment falls in fire and blood,
Blindly the nations do thy will.
Lord, pardon them and call them all,
Fill them with faith and brotherly love,
Warm them with freedom's quickening breath.

All the friends of his youth, the brothers Venevitinov, Mukhanov, the two Kireevskis and Koshelev, all clever men, and the best representatives of the young men of Moscow at that day, were the partisans of Western culture ; but they did not induce him to abandon the strictly Russian school of thought in which he had been brought up ; his closest friend was the brother of Kireevski, Peter Vasilievich, who for his unalterable devotion to the cause of the independent progress of Russia was counted the great champion of Russia. Khomiakov was only twenty-one when he migrated to St. Petersburg, and found himself in the full current of unrest, evoked by the 14th of December. The young man was full of passion and of doubt in the strength of his vocation ; but the convictions and ideals he had brought with him from his

home, were so well defined that he did not lose his head, and quarrelled bitterly with such Dekabrists as he came across, especially Ryleev and Odoevski. He was not there when the catastrophe took place, having retired in the beginning of 1825, and spent eighteen months abroad. At Paris he published a tragedy called 'Yermak,' which was put on the stage in 1829, after which he spent some time in Switzerland and Italy, and returned by the Western Slav states to St. Petersburg, where he settled. Troublous times were in store for him, his great friend from childhood, D. Venevitinov died, and not long after Vasili Kireevski. This double grief, the time he had spent abroad and his study of art left their stamp on the life of the young poet, and his subsequent poems are marked by a great increase of artistic skill and ripeness of thought. In his 'Poet' we see for the first time the power that characterized his later work.

Up to the skies he turned his quiet gaze,
And in his heart there swelled a hymn to God,
And to the earth he lent a voice attuned,
And to dead things a tongue.

The war of 1828-29 broke out, and Alexis once more took service, took part in many encounters, and gave proof of distinguished courage. Retiring once more when the war was over, he settled at Moscow, and associated with the band of young westernizing philosophers I have described above; but was no longer the fiery and restless youth, who had gone away eight years before; but ripe and self-reliant even among these advanced thinkers, the admirers of Hegel and Schelling, to whom he openly proclaimed the necessity of Russian nationality developing untrammelled, of study of the days gone by, and a return to its traditions, of orthodoxy as the fundamental principle of the Russian national character, of the importance of the Slavonic race in history, and the future peaceful mission of Russia. It was a novel

doctrine, and sounded strange and barbarous to the great majority of the society of the day, which spoke of the Russian peasant as a savage, and thought the orthodox faith was a question of no butter in Lent. Even the most intimate friends and admirers of Khomiakov still clung to wholly different views. The only one who really cast in his lot with him was Peter Kireevski, and he was not out by nature for a prophet, so modest and retiring was he.

At last, he began to speak more freely in his poetry, and to give his Panславic ideas vent. These are expressed with particular felicity in his poem of the 'Eagle,' which obtained a wide celebrity :

High hast thou built thine eyrie,
 Eagle of the Northern Slavs,
 Wide hast thou spread thy wings,
 High into Heaven hast thou soared.
 Fly! But in the lofty deep of ether,
 Where thy scarce-breathing breast
 Is warmed by the passage of Freedom,
 Forget not thy younger kin.
 Look to the Southern Steppe,
 Look to the far-off West;
 Many are there, where ~~Danubius~~ ^{Danube}'s rage,
 Where the Alpine clouds gather way,
 In the mountain dells, in the dark Carpathians,
 In the Balkan defiles wood-clothed,
 In the clutches of faithless Teutons,
 In the steely chains of the Tartar,
 And thy brothers walk in fetters
 Till thy voice shall sound in their ears,
 Till thy wings thou shalt spread protecting
 O'er their heads grown feeble with bondage.
 Forget them not, Northern Eagle,
 Send them thy resonant call
 And in slavery's night console them
 With thy free and cheering light.
 Feed them with thoughts elating,
 With the hope of happier days,
 And warm with loving kindness,
 These hearts whose blood is as thine

Their hour shall come : their pinions
 Wax strong, and their talons sharp,
 They shall cry, full-grown, and shall sunder
 At a breath the bonds that now bind.

With rare exceptions, marriage is for every man a turning-point in his life, but for Khomiakov the change was especially abrupt; having promised his mother to remain chaste till his marriage he had kept his word, preserving in his soul the pure and bright ideal of womanhood and of the family, and carrying with him into marriage feelings undulled and true chastity, he was as pure even morally at thirty two as his eighteen-year-old bride. Naturally enough such a marriage bade fair to bring happiness, and their happiness was as complete as can be obtained by man on earth. Well educated, clever, yet simple and modest, his wife, Ekaterina Yazykov seemed formed by nature to realize the ideal of which Alexis dreamed. She was as harmoniously organized a being as Khomiakov himself, and so his home was to him a true 'holy of holies,' in which he gathered inspiration and strength. 'Children at once arouse and satisfy their parents' love,' he says somewhere, and it is easy to imagine his feelings when his two boys died almost simultaneously in 1838.

In 1847 he and his wife with the two eldest surviving children went abroad again, and visited England among other countries, and on his return he published his 'Letter on England' in which he set forth with a penetration wonderful in a foreigner, the peculiarities of English life, quite upsetting the current ideas of the subject, and giving a real insight into the strife of Whigs and Tories, and dwelling warmly on the love of the English for precedent, a love of which he longed to arouse in his compatriots. All that he wrote is full of a sincere though sorrowful love of England.

Towards the end of the thirties there were assembled at Moscow all the men who gave its glory to the last quarter of a century. The first opponents of Khomiakov were Herzen, Granovski, Bielinski, Soloviev, and Kavelin, while his first followers were I. Kireevski, who had returned to the orthodox tenets, Aksakov, Yuri Samarin, Popov, and later on Gogol, and still later Sergii Aksakov and his son Ivan, the brothers Elagin, Prince Cherkasski, and others. With the exception of Sergii Aksakov they were all young, and in his intercourse with them Khomiakov forgot all differences of age.

His most remarkable disciples were Konstantine Aksakov and Yuri Samarin, gifted and cultured men, the latter of whom attached himself to him only after a long struggle and much painful battling with himself.

In his contentions with other people he spoke much and eloquently but wrote little, remembering that 'spoken words are more fruitful than written,' and feeling that he 'was more brilliant and forcible in talking to people than when seated at his writing desk.' His friend and the nephew of his wife, Valuëv, was the first to give an impulse to him as a prose writer, entreating him and making him promise to be more chary of the riches of his mind and learning which he scattered so profusely in daily conversation. Khomiakov began an hour a day at such work and thus gave a start to his Essays in Universal History, which were christened by Gogol 'Semiramis,' a name subsequently adopted by himself. In this ample work Khomiakov proposed to embody his theory of the way Universal History ought to be written, so that the life of all the races of the globe might be presented in due relation, while the place assigned to the Slavonic race was made as lofty as possible, and so that the action of those internal forces which influenced the course of the historical progress of the various

nations, more especially their religion, might be made manifest. He was not destined to complete this work, but even in the form in which it has come down to us, it remains for the generations to come, as Y. Samarin called it 'The great legacy of thought that Khomiakov has left us.'

While working at 'Semiramis,' and giving to the world single articles and poems, he still placed speaking above writing, and was constantly giving vent to his reflections in heated debates with his friends and antagonists. These latter, the 'Westerners' as they were called, spoke of him and his partisans as 'Slavophiles,' an epithet readily accepted by him, for he prided himself on loving the Slavs, and especially the Orthodox Slavs, for he said no Russian could fail to love them. But where this name was given in mockery his answer was—

"I accept just as readily the laughter of people at our love for the Slavs, as I would their laughter over the fact that we are Russians. Such laughter only proved one thing, viz., the poverty of thought and narrowness of people who had lost all mental and spiritual life, and all natural or rational sympathy in the artificial atmosphere of the salons, or in the narrow-minded literature prevalent in the West to-day."

Such was the origin of Slavophilism. The position of its adherents was at first very difficult, and both Government and Society misunderstood them, no one knew their real objects or wished to know them, and all sorts of false deductions were made. Having studied Western learning far more thoroughly than their opponents, they wished that it should be received with discrimination and not slavishly accepted in its entirety, and were therefore accused of being reactionaries who wished to take Russia away from Europe and make it a part of Asia. Not only so, but though the basis of their teaching in its political aspect was Autocracy, they were suspected of something very like treason, and the censorship kept its eye on them as dangerous characters; they were persecuted even for wearing beards and home-

made clothes, in a word they were outcasts, and even the Clergy, with but few exceptions, made no attempt to disguise their conviction that their movement was a new schism. The little band of workers had to cling together closely, and thanks to the head and heart that guided them they succeeded in keeping together. Hearty co-operation and systematic work were indispensable.

"We must impart all our enlightenment to others," wrote Khomiakov to Samarin, "and only a constant and combined effort can accomplish this. It would be foolish on our part to look as if we were political agitators, by the very essence of our ideas we are superior to political party."

He writes elsewhere to Popov :

"The practical bearing of the principles we uphold is at present not to be thought of. Society is only just beginning to awake to them."

He devoted his efforts merely to the province of mind and thought, and protested against any other measures, saying to Aksakov :

"We wrestle not with flesh and blood, so our weapons must be purely spiritual."

"The shepherd hero, who fared forth to fight,
Took neither heavy sword, nor donned a helm,
Nor arms of proof nor breastplate would he wear,
Such as defended Saul's broad breast and shoulders.

But, full of the Almighty's spirit power,
He took a simple pebble from the brook,
And straight the foreign foe fell down and died,
For all his glittering panoply of steel.

And thou, when to the combat with Deceit,
Goes forth the Truth, to champion holy thoughts,
Lay not upon her, fenced by God himself,
The rusty weight of earthly panoply.

Such arms as Saul's to her were hindrance sore,
His kingly helm would crush her dainty brows,
Her fitting armour is the word of God,
And in that word she bears a thunderbolt."

At the same time he constantly warned the Russian people against spiritual arrogance :

" God cannot bear the pride of mortal men,
Not on their side is He, whose boast it is,
We are the salt of the earth, the holy ones,
We are God's sword and we too are his shield."

Not on his side, is He, who slavishly
Mutters His words, and meaninglessly prates,
And lifeless ministrant of the living One,
Is dead in spirit and asleep in mind.

But sure with him, in whom his strength is seen,
Quickening and breathing life into his soul,
And stirs to actions in the stress of Life."

As in his convictions, so in his life, which was above all that of an Orthodox Christian, he showed himself one who loved his country and his race, and knowing that neither one nor the other could, apart from the church, attain their full development, he fervently appealed to Russia to follow the path of Faith, and to study the lessons of antiquity.

Here is his appeal to his country :

" Rejoice ! thy flatterers say to thee,
Land with the laurelled brow,
Land of the sword none may resist,
Whose steel has conquered half the world.
Thy sway no bounds can find,
And slave of thy caprice,
Even Fate submits to obey
Thy haughty mandates all.
Red are thy plains with corn,
Thy mountains kiss the sky,
And wide as seas thy lakes,
Believe not, hear not, pause ;
Though deep thy streams and wide
As those of the deep blue sea,
Though thick with corn thy plains,
And rich with gems thy hills,
Though at thy might and splendour
The nations bow their heads,
Though eight seas sing to thee

A hymn of ceaseless honour,
Though far the lightnings reach,
Of all this fame and might
Which is but dust, be thou not proud."

In January, 1852, his wife fell sick of typhus and died. He bore his sorrow bravely, but grew quite old in a few days, and changed beyond recognition. "I have changed greatly," he said himself, "my youth and activity have gone together, my life now is all in my work, and all else seems a dream." He looked on his wife's death as a punishment, and to the end of his days thought of no one else, finding no consolation except in the presence of his children. For a long time he was unable to write, until his life's companion appeared to him in a vision, and said "Do not mourn." Whereupon he returned to his work with new strength, and, having lost all that graced his life, devoted this strength to its struggle.

'Tis noble to contend
To strive and wrestle with Fate,
But nobler still to suffer
In patience, prayer and love.
If th' heart is torn and wretched
At thy fellows' brutal spite,
If resistless power has bound thee
With a chain of steel about,
If the world's humiliations
Deep in thy soul have sunk,
Then with cheerful faith and fearless
Gird thee patiently to bear;
Patience has its wings to fly with,
Upon which thou still may'st soar,
Without labour, without effort,
Higher than the mists of earth,
Higher than the prison's roof-tree,
Higher than blind malice all,
Higher than the yells and hootings,
Of the insolent populace."

The inspiration of Faith, experience, and learning raised the soul of Khomiakov to that height which commands the

most distant horizon of thought, and during the last eight years of his life he progressed more than in all those that had gone before.

The commencement of the reign of Alexander II. was accompanied by many changes in the lot of the Slavophiles. They breathed more freely, and Koshelev was allowed to publish his paper, 'Russian Chat,' the introductory leader in which was written by Khomiakov. In it the whole programme of Slavophilism, all its appeals to the help and claims on the devotion of every conscientious Russian were set forth:—

"It is the Russian spirit which has created the wide realm of Russia, for that is not the work of the flesh but of the spirit. The Russian spirit has established for ever the communal system, the best form of social life within narrow limits; it has realized the sacredness of the soil and made it the most secure foundation of the social fabric; it has promoted all the moral powers of the nation, its faith in sacred Truth, imperturbable patience and entire contentment. Such have been its works, the fruits of God's goodness, which shed on it the full light of the Orthodox faith. Now, when thought has grown strong by knowledge, when the very course of History, laying bare the secret springs of social phenomena, has in many ways exposed the fallacy of Western civilization, and when our self-knowledge has, though perhaps not completely, learnt to value the strength and beauty of our immemorial principles, it is time for us to once more examine all those conclusions and deductions made by Western learning, in which we believed so implicitly; to subject the whole hastily-raised fabric of our culture to the dispassionate criticism of our own spiritual principles and thus assure to it complete stability. At the same time it is our duty to judiciously assimilate all the new fruits of Western thought, which is still so rich and worthy of study, so as not to be behind hand at a juncture when it will be incumbent upon us to aim at the first place in the scale of enlightened humanity."

Khomiakov was a most energetic supporter of this journal, which at his death ceased to exist for a time. Two years ago it was revived, but the revival only lasted two years.

At last came the time for the decision of the all-important question of the serfs. Long before their liberation Khomiakov had concluded with his serfs a 'compact' or agreement

which left them quite independent, but he did not cease to preach the necessity of a general emancipation. But no notice was taken of his writings and letters, and he was not put on the Reporting Committee, but he did not lose heart and pronounced the first Imperial Rescript 'the herald of the coming glorious day.' We must remember that none of us will live to see the harvest, he wrote to Samarin, and in fact he himself did not live to see it, or even the joyful 19th of February 1861, dying on the 23rd September preceding. The man had passed away who for 13 years had given his countrymen's conscience no peace, the man who had revived its Faith, its Calling, and reconciled it to its Past. He had passed away, who had laid the foundations of so many good works, that have since been carried out, or are yet to be carried out in Russia; the man who set forth his teaching in such clear fashion, but that teaching remains, and the most important if not all of the doctrines of the Slavophiles have been adopted by some of the best men in Russia, who have formed a 'National Party,' equally removed from the Ultra-conservatives and Reactionaries, and from the soi-disant Liberals, saturated with national aspirations, favouring progress on national lines, acknowledging the sanctity of Church traditions and of our glorious historical heritage, desiring the unity of the Tsar with the nation, and placing above all else the need of Divine Truth, Christian liberty of thought and life, which also found a sympathetic echo in the spirit of the Pacific Tsar who is now with God.

They say that Slavophilism is dead. Be it so, for it is not a question of a name: the lofty and noble ideas are still alive, though partly the outcome of mistaken conceptions and extreme views, the living ideas of Khomiakov, I say, have now been transplanted to the soil of reality, and their vitality is proved by this present assembly of Russians, far from their native country, amid a strange but hospitable

people, which like them loves its country, her past, and a Christian liberty of spirit.

The limits of my paper are not wide, and it is difficult within such limits to set forth in detail the life and work of a man, whose fame belongs to History. A most successful attempt to do so may be found in the book by Valerii Liaskovski, to which I have alluded before, and which I especially recommend to such members of the Society as do not already know it. In it the author justly estimates the honour due to Khomiakov's work in the sphere of Theology, and his labours in that field. I have expressly abstained from dwelling on this side of his life's work, so that people who are fully competent to do so might be at liberty to say their say on the point.

It was of such that His Grace Archbishop Nicholas spoke on the 6th November 1895, the most notable being Father Smirnoff and Mr. Birkbeck, and I hereby humbly request them to complete my humble effort by giving us the benefit of their ripe knowledge on that point.

The Rev. E. SMIRNOFF said:—*

YOU no doubt expect from me a complete estimate of Homiakov as an Orthodox Russian thinker and writer in the province of sacred literature. To do so would be no light task. To define the position of a man justly accounted in the words of a great writer "a giant among thinkers" is scarcely possible in the course of some twenty or thirty minutes. But to me personally, a greater difficulty presents itself in the fact that Homiakov has already found, in the person of one of his nearest disciples and followers, a perfect exponent and worthy herald of his achievements in the domain of theology—Yuri F. Samarin in his talented and

*Translated from the Russian by Mr. H. Havelock, M.A.

brilliant introduction to the 2nd volume of Homiakov's collected works, gives such a clear estimate of his personality and work as the founder of Slavophilism, that whatever any later critic may write or say of him, must be at once presumptuous and of little worth. His inimitable pen brings clearly before us the wonderful and all-perfect personality of his master, while it guides us into the sphere of his wide and deep intelligence, and unfolds to us his gift of controversy, points out the results to which his labours were bound to lead, and describes his work in such correct and alluring terms, that those who read this notable introduction come involuntarily under the influence of the disciple, and are forced to declare themselves admirers and followers of the Master. No wonder, then, that whoever now takes upon himself to speak or write of Homiakov, finds himself forced not only to quote from Samarin, but to use his very modes of expression.

Knowing England well, and constantly watching the progress of its social life, Homiakov was a great admirer of its conservatism, and had the greatest respect for the English church and had made a profound study of the development of its theology, and was a perfect master of the English language. This last fact enabled him to enter into controversy with the celebrated English theologian William Palmer. This controversy began quite by chance. In 1838 Homiakov lost his two little sons in rapid succession. He gave expression to the acute grief caused by his irreparable loss in some lines entitled "To my Children." I will take leave to read these admirable lines.

TO MY CHILDREN.*

TIME was, when I loved at still midnight to come,
My children, to see you asleep in your room;
The cross, holy sign on your foreheads to trace,
And commend you in prayer to the love and the grace
Of our gracious and merciful God.

*Translated by the Rev. W. Palmer.

To keep gentle guard, and watch over your rest,
 To think how your spirits were sinless and blest,
 In hope to look forward to long happy years
 Of blithe, merry youth, without sorrows or fears,
 Oh how sweet, how delicious it was!

But now, if I go, all is silence, all gloom ;
 None sleep in that crib, nothing breathes in that room
 The light that should burn at the image is gone :
 Alas! so it is, children now I have none,
 And my heart how it painfully throbs!

Dear children, at that same midnight do ye,
 As I once prayed for you, now in turn pray for me ;
 Me who loved well the cross on your foreheads to trace ;
 Now commend me in turn to the mercy and grace
 Of our gracious and merciful God.

These verses some years later fell into the hands of Palmer, who was greatly taken with them. During a visit to Russia in the early forties, he was brought to some extent into contact with the representatives of the Orthodox Church there, and having mastered Russian up to a certain point he translated the verses into English, and sent them as a compliment to Homiakov: this was in 1844. Deeply touched by Palmer's kindness, Homiakov wrote him a letter of thanks which was the beginning of a correspondence between the two theologians which was continued at intervals during ten years, viz. till 1854. As regards Homiakov's letters, they are to be found in the 2nd volume of his collected works, with his other theological productions. Though they shew Homiakov to have been a special pleader of the first rank, yet as Palmer's letters are not printed in the same book we cannot form a correct opinion as to the respective merits of the two contending parties. This deficiency was supplied some fifteen months ago by my friend and fellow-member of this Society, Mr. Birkbeck. During one of his numerous visits to Russia, he made the acquaintance of Homiakov's son and daughter who are still in excellent

health, and induced them to look through the papers of their distinguished father once more. This search was crowned with success, and Palmer's letters were brought to light and published by Mr. Birkbeck, side by side with the original text (in English) of Homiakov's letters in his book: "Russia and the English Church during the last fifty years." Thanks to this work, which has evoked much criticism, especially in England, we can now not only follow the whole controversy throughout, but arrive at a just estimate both of the intellectual temper and the distinguishing features which at the time of the duel must have marked each of the opponents. Force, firmness, and invincible determination are clearly marked in the champion of Orthodoxy, weakness, vacillation and variableness are the characteristics of the champion of Western Theology. Suffice it to say that Homiakov at the end of the controversy remained just as ardent and devout a son of the Orthodox Church as he was at the beginning. As for Palmer, who was by birth and education an Anglican, he lost confidence in his Church, came to acknowledge the sanctity of Eastern Orthodoxy, and ended by joining the Roman Catholics. How his opinions came to be so contradictory we will not enquire here: those who desire to follow the spiritual struggle through which he passed should read Mr. Birkbeck's instructive work. What is of importance to us, is the question why each showed in the controversy the qualities above set forth.

But before attempting to decide this question, allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to expand and deepen to some extent the subject of my discourse. Homiakov left behind him comparatively speaking but little theological writing. Three polemical pamphlets, an essay in exposition of the teaching of the Church, ten letters to Palmer, some letters to other friends, and two or three memoranda on minor questions

make the sum of what has come down to us of his theology, with the exception of brief references to the subject in other productions of his pen, to be found in his collected works. In reading him we are struck by the order, breadth, and harmony of his lucubrations. Evidently there was a complete scheme of theology in his head, which unhappily he was not destined to put on paper. When the news of his death reached England, the *Edinburgh Review* published the following estimate "We are convinced that in the Russian church there will be found men worthy to carry on the researches set on foot by Homiakov, and of echoing the message contained in the grand epistles of this orthodox christian, in which he set forth his confession of faith, uniting in them such devotion to the orthodoxy with such firm belief in the latest results of biblical criticism, and with such a fulness of christian charity as we have never known surpassed." (*Edinburgh Review*, 1864, No. 245). Unhappily we must own that hitherto such followers have not been found among us. There has just been published at Moscow an excellent study of Homiakov by Valerian Liaskovski. Here is a passage from the conclusion of it. "It is not easy to carry on Homiakov's work, the path he trod was thorny. Before his death, and perhaps foreseeing its approach, his favourite disciple and untiring fellow, in the midst of the social cares from which he was never free, wrote: "I shall throw up everything and give myself to take up the clue of thought that is falling from the hands of the dying Homiakov, as I have often intended, but I realize only too fully that I am intellectually quite unequal to the task, and not prepared for it spiritually, which is still more important." In these last recorded words of Samarin is contained the appeal of the last of the fellow-workers of Homiakov to all those who would follow in the steps of his master." (p. 175). If the

carrying-on of the work of Homiakov is attended with such difficulties, then by how much more difficult must it be to take up the system of theological research which existed only in the brain of the founder of Slavophilism? A long time may well pass before other such giants of thought will arise capable of carrying out the task. Let us hope and believe that the day will come, and that soon.

Homiakov was above all a theological controversialist, and accordingly the first place among his theological writings must be accorded to his three theological pamphlets. An interesting circumstance attended the publication of the first of them. The manuscript was sent to the publishers Mérius, at Paris. After reading and seeing that the author had entered the lists against both Protestantism and Catholicism, the publishers on their own confession were long in doubt as to accepting the contract. "We are unwilling," they wrote, "to appear even as intermediaries in a controversy directed against the very principles of our dearly-bought and glorious Reformation. We have thought how vexed and even insulted our co-religionists would be to hear that we had undertaken the publication of such a work. Feeling that we had a duty to other people's consciences, we have been in doubt what decision to come to." They were helped out of the difficulty by the well-known writer Vinet, and through his intervention the pamphlet was finally printed by them. In order not to trouble their consciences again, Homiakov had the remaining pamphlets printed by Brockhaus of Leipzig.

There is nothing strange or unexpected in this incident. In Western Europe, publishers were under the heavy hand of social discipline, which often acts far more harshly and despotically than our more well-regulated censorship.

I may quote here another characteristic incident. Some years ago there appeared in England the well-known "Lux

Mundi" of Gore. It differed to some extent from Orthodox views, and so, being an interesting novelty, was widely read, and was freely criticised both in private circles and in the press, much to the chagrin of the spiritual pastors of the flock. One of them said to me personally, "Such books ought not to be published in English, but in Latin. Though useful to specialists, they are simply ruinous to the general reading public, as they create a ferment, which we have afterwards to deal with." My authority of course belonged to the Evangelical persuasion, which holds that its pastors are to feed the flock "in spirit and truth," and not with any nostrums of social discipline.

But to return to Homiakov. In the words of Samarin, "Homiakov was the first who looked at Catholicism and Protestantism from the Church standpoint, that is from higher ground; consequently he was able to define them. Foreign theologians found much food for thought in his pamphlets. They saw in them something hitherto unknown in the history of controversy with Orthodoxy. Perhaps they did not quite realize wherein the novelty lay, but that is quite intelligible to us. Above all they heard the voice not of the Anti-Anglican or Anti-Protestant, but of the Orthodox School. Coming in contact for the first time with Orthodoxy in the field of controversy, they were vaguely conscious that hitherto their controversy with the Church had turned on a misunderstanding; that their age-long contention with her, which they had fancied was almost concluded, was only just beginning, on completely new ground, and that the very position of the two parties had shifted, and that in the following way: they, the Papists and Protestants had become the defendants, and were called on for their justification, instead of their opponents." Homiakov differed from the old school of controversialists, who never reasoned or tried to convince

their opponents, and so never achieved any results. "He had long pursued a different method. Homiakov sets to work in a very different manner. Passing from manifestations to their original causes, he reproduces, if one may so say, a physical genealogy of each error, and brings them back together to their common starting-point, in which the error, on being exposed to view, reveals itself in its inner inconsistency. This is nothing less than to tear error up by the roots." Now, thanks to Homiakov, all is changed. "Formerly we saw two clearly defined forms of Western Christianity and *between them* Orthodoxy standing at the starting of the ways, but now we see the Church, or in other words the living organism of truth, supported by love. Outside the Church we see logical knowledge deprived of a moral basis, that is to say, *Rationalism* in two aspects of its development, namely reason, clutching at a *phantom* of truth, and selling its freedom into bondage to an external authority—that is the Roman Church; and reason trying to find out the truth for itself, but sacrificing unity to subjective conviction, or in other words, Protestantism." Among the theologians of the West, Homiakov's pamphlets could not fail to excite dissatisfaction and alarm at a wholly new and yet undreamed of Colossus, now taking shape more and more, which it was impossible to confront with the old downright weapons that had always ensured victory. They had a vague consciousness that there would again have to be fought out in the lists of life the old quarrel between two combatants, who could neither come to a satisfactory agreement, nor continue to live in a perilous indifference to each others existence. These combatants were Faith and Rationalism, or in other words, the Church based on Christian belief, and the World, which trusted to the principles of human reason. And as in times gone by the Christian Faith had conquered the Pagan World, so the

Church, armed with that same belief in Christ, must infallibly overmatch the unbelieving World of their day, relying only on the principles of one-sided, arrogant and self-glorifying human reason, vain of its triumphs and achievements, with its treaties, agreements, and compromises, which were making humanity worse and more miserable year by year. Fifteen hundred years ago the Word of Christ, triumphing over Heathenism, had gained an external victory : and now once more Christianity, in the person of the Orthodox Church, was face to face with the World, as represented by other Christians, Catholic and Protestant, and would infallibly demonstrate its superiority. This simple truth cannot fail to be admitted by every frank and honest adherent of the West, to whatever persuasion belonging, who is acquainted with Homiakov's writings. Thirty-six years have passed since his death. The champions of the Western Church have therefore had time enough to become acquainted with his theological views, the more so that his pamphlets originally appeared in the West and in the French language. According to Mr. Birkbeck they are still to be found on the shelves of Anglican theologians. Yet his views are still almost unknown in the West, for it was thought more expedient to leave them unanswered.

The question now arises, why did his opponents prefer to keep silence ? But I must ask my kind hearers to wait a little longer still for an answer to it, as we must once more expand the limits of the subject under consideration. I may mention at this point that our friend Mr. Birkbeck, as far as we know, has every intention of carrying on the work he has so well begun. In the second volume of his book he proposes to print an English translation of the controversial writings of Homiakov, being fully persuaded that it is high time they were made accessible to all. He is most anxious

to carry this out as soon as possible, and thus pave the way for a due appreciation of the labours of our great theologian.

You, ladies and gentlemen, are aware, at any rate in a general way what the history of Russia has been. The Russian people received its Christianity together with its culture from Byzantium. Having received baptism under St. Vladimir, our forefathers with unheard of rapidity assimilated the fruits of Greek culture. Unhappily the natural growth of their progress was checked by the Tartar invasion. Repeated incursions of the Asiatics carried fire and sword over almost the whole of our country; villages were burnt, towns plundered and their inhabitants slaughtered by them, nor did they spare churches, monasteries, schools or libraries. Some of the inhabitants were slain, others carried away into captivity, while the rest, not above a tenth of the whole, were left at the same level of culture as before. The sole care of these was for a long time the mere preservation of their lives and the procuring of a morsel of bread. There was no longer any thought of culture. Later they were concerned with their preservation as a nation, with keeping alive the spark which welds people into one whole. Later still arose the thought, not merely of congregating in one body as a nation, but also of grouping themselves round one common centre and raising up amongst themselves a central authority, so as to be able in time to throw off the hateful foreign yoke. There arose in the centre of our country the town of Moscow, and in it the Kremlin, the cradle of our new civil life and the new authority of its Tsars. The Tartar yoke was shaken off, and our forefathers took to their books again. Knowledge was laboriously won. Its pioneers advanced by almost feeling their way. Our spiritual mother, Byzantium, could not be expected to give us any help. Wearied and exhausted by

intolerable strife, she herself was sick and fated to die a violent death. Russia and Byzantium had saved Europe from the Tartars and Turks, and enabled it to gain strength physically and morally, to lay up a fresh stock of life and to grow in culture. Western Europe too had been at war, but the struggle was only internal and had resulted in the growth of the Papacy and the rise of Protestantism. When after the shaking off of the Tartar yoke in Russia, there came a time of comparative calm, attempts were made to propagate amongst us both Catholicism and Protestantism. We had to free ourselves from both. We had no suitable weapons within reach for the purpose; the old weapons of Byzantium had by that time grown blunt and could not be refurnished to suit the needs of the time. In order not to perish in the struggle with the West, we were forced, whether we liked it or not, to get weapons from the West we so hated, to recast the truths of orthodoxy in the mould of Protestantism in order to cope with Catholicism, and in the mould of Catholicism to cope with the Protestants. Thus there naturally arose among us two schools of theology, Anti-catholic and Anti-protestant. Neither of these was satisfactory, or could be so, but we used, as we must, both one and the other, as we were unable to do the work required with an orthodox school properly so-called. We contented ourselves with believing in the sanctity and stability of our Church, and never lost our trust that the day would at last come when there would arise in our midst a school of Theologians, truly Russian and truly Orthodox, which being the outcome of our national spirit, would satisfy our needs. Just such a school was founded in our midst by the immortal Khomiakov. You will now understand why we rate him so highly. In his writings we see ourselves, our spirit, our faith, our devotion, our whole past, all that is brightest, most delightful and most vigorous, at which

through past ages our sires aimed, both while they bore the Tartar yoke and wrestled with the Jesuit and Protestant missions.

Why did this great task of national and ecclesiastical enlightenment fall to the lot of Khomiakov, and no other? Whence did he draw his strength and secure for himself a support in his admirable struggle for the success of his opinions? This question again I cannot answer on the spur of the moment and for the same reason, and therefore for the last time I ask your permission to expand the subject of to-day's lecture. You know the history of the church in the west. You know that in the early ages of Christianity it was often torn asunder by schisms. These heresies attacked the most fundamental principles of our faith, nevertheless they did not undermine Christianity itself. Their baneful influence only affected that circle of ideas with which they dealt immediately, and did not touch our faith as a whole. This is the reason why during those ages the church continued to exist as a single and undivided body of Christians upon earth. What was it that caused the division of the churches, and why did they fight over the belief in the only Christ for so long? Nay more, why were all efforts futile to reconcile, the varying opinions and churches? Evidently, because fundamental principles were at issue. Here is what was said on the subject by one of Khomiakov's most talented disciples and followers, Danilevski (I have a little softened down his expressions). "The essence of Christian dogma is set forth in the Creed, and as a matter of fact, all, Orthodox, Catholic, or Protestant, recite it in almost the same way, though they attach a somewhat different meaning to the words, 'I believe in one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church,' a meaning so different that Khomiakov in his pamphlets could say that all Christian communities in the West had no proper conception of a

church, unlike the unorthodox communities which existed before the schism of the churches and which now exist in the East, which kept and keep a true conception. But the importance of such a conception is so great that, while false doctrine, interfering even with the fundamental truths of Christianity, may affect only a small number of principles, while leaving the main part untouched, a false conception on this point infallibly leads, sooner or later, to the overthrow of the whole of Christian teaching, depriving it of all basis and all foundation." In other words, the Church of Christ was divided, because there had arisen among Christians a diverse conception as to the very essence of a church. Christians had ceased to understand each other and had split up into separate communities. Having diverged in different directions, and having lost that catholic unity which was the essential bond for preserving in all its completeness the blessed teaching of Christ, they fell all the further apart the more they diverged from the truth. Attempts to re-unite the church could not be successful, because theologians were contending about matters, material indeed and important, but comparatively of secondary value, while the essential point, the doctrine of the nature of the church, which was the turning point of any attempt at re-union was left untouched by them, and its importance was not even realized. The immortal Khomiakov was "a giant of thought" just because he did realize all this. In the words of Samarin, he defined and expanded the idea of the church in its logical sequence, and thus also defined the essence of Catholicism and Protestantism in their fundamental principles. How true and unassailable are his conclusions, may be judged from the fact that he anticipated by some twenty to thirty years the adoption of the dogma of Papal Infallibility. This is why, when he was alive, Palmer had to lay down his arms to him, why so far there

has been no attempt on the part of Western theologians to reply to his controversial writings, why he alone was fitted to found in Russia a School of Orthodox Theology, and why only giant thinkers can cope with his teachings or carry on his work.

Mr. BIRKBECK * observed that Homiakoff loved England and respected her philosophers and theologians. Having spent only six weeks in this country he was, however, well acquainted with her institutions. He admired conservatism, and considered that every Englishman was a Tory in his heart of hearts. The speaker read several extracts out of his work, "Russia and the English Church during the last fifty years," and also out of Homiakoff's "Letter on England." Homiakoff visited this country in 1847. In London he saw few people. At Oxford he stayed with Palmer, became acquainted with Anglican theologians and conversed about the English people, their Church and State. As a thinker Homiakoff is both broad and deep, but above all his views are national. He loved art in so far as it satisfied national aspirations. His mind had an analogy with that of Ruskin, who probably understood naturalism in art as Homiakoff understood nationalism in art.

This spirit of nationalism also pervaded Homiakoff's views of Church matters. The new Bishop of London to some extent shares his views as regards nationalism in the Church. As a proof, Mr. Birkbeck compared extracts of Homiakoff's works with the sermons of Bishop Creighton. For want of time the speaker was unable to develop in detail these interesting parallels.

Mr. WESSELITSKY-BOJIDAROVITCH said: I was a mere boy when A. S. Khomiakov died, but I knew his younger friends and disciples. Above all I. Aksakoff, the leader of

* Mr. Birkbeck did not send his speech, as usual, to the A.R.L.S.

the Slavophiles in the sixties and seventies, my master and teacher, whose memory I shall revere as long as I live, also A. Kosheloff, Pce. B. Tcherkasky and others in Moscow and in St. Petersburg. T. Korniloff, a long time President of the St. Petersburg Slavonic Society, in whose house I met all the prominent Slavophiles of the time, K. Pobedonoszoff and T. Fillippoff, both at present Ministers of the Crown, the great novelist Dostoïevsky and many others. I was particularly attracted by two brothers, remarkable for their earnestness of purpose. One was General A. Kireieff, now the chief publicist and exponent of the Slavophil doctrine, the other, N. Kireieff, my best and ever-lamented friend, whose glorious fate sealed with his heart's blood his devotion to his cause. It is always a painful pleasure for me to remember him.

A short time ago some of my friends in Russia remembered the 21st anniversary of my election as an honorary member of the two Slavonic Societies both in St. Petersburg and Moscow; they added the observation that I was now the senior honorary member. A wave of reminiscences rose up before my mind's eye, and I asked myself what have the Slavophiles accomplished in the last 20 years and what has been their work in general?

I found but one answer: They have fought the good fight and won it! They have succeeded in permeating the whole of Russia with their ideas. They have achieved a reform not inferior in its consequences to the English Reformation in the sixteenth century. They have vivified the Russian State by reverting to the fundamental principles of its existence.

Before them, Russia had been for one hundred and fifty years a mechanical conglomerate, without the spirit which animates a living organism. The so-called reform of Peter the Great, which in reality was a dreadful revolution,

destroyed the national institutions and that community of ideas and feelings which in the Moscow Tsardom united the governing and the governed. A swarm of adventurers rushed from all countries of the world to share in the spoils of Russia. Her situation was similar to that of England after the Norman Conquest. The Court, the Government, and the upper classes were alien to a great extent in blood, and totally alien in ideas, manners, and even language, to the nation which had to serve them and to work for them. The National Church was restricted and kept down, and the masses reduced to serfdom. In the first quarter of the present century a fresh immigration of aliens, mostly Germans, took place, and they monopolised diplomacy and other branches of the service.

Nicholas I. was a Russian at heart, but he could not change the direction of Russian policy against the passive opposition of germanized bureaucracy. When the Slavophiles appeared, he did not perceive that they had the same aims as himself and he believed those who represented them as a dangerous sect, subversive of all order and authority. Alexander II. fulfilled some of the most ardent wishes of the Slavophiles by freeing the serfs in Russia and the majority of Christians in the East. But, at the same time, he was so far carried away by his sympathies for another nation, as to favour its territorial aggrandizement at the very gates of Russia.

His successor, the great Peace-Maker, a Russian by education as well as by intuition, knew the Slavophil doctrine and understood that it was another name for Russian patriotism. His honesty of purpose, his firmness of character and love of his country enabled him to adopt the national Russian policy. History will disclose how he struggled against his surroundings, and how he was assisted by the Slavophiles who were in the government, in society and in the press.

His Imperial Majesty the present Emperor, continues, with touching filial piety, his father's work, and gives every day fresh proofs of his unison of feeling and purpose with the nation. He is supported in his task by the awakened national consciousness of the upper classes, by a revived activity and extending influence of the Church, and by the growth of a middle class.

Perhaps our English colleagues might ask themselves what influence this preponderance of the Slavophiles in the direction of Russian national affairs will have on the peace of the World, and on the relations between England and Russia. The Slavophiles have often been described in the English press as a fanatical sect opposed to peace and civilization. One of our most eminent colleagues was the first, in his book on "Russia" to try to remove that prejudice, as many English opinions about Russia, and some Russian opinions of England have been "made in Germany." I don't blame the Germans; it was not their duty to make us understand each other; it was our own!

You have heard from the preceding speakers that the founders of Slavophilism were men of the highest culture and great adepts in German philosophy in particular, and also that they were charitable and considerate as regards the rights of other nations. Their creed and that of their successors is, that Russia must not conquer any country which has a consciousness of its own nationality. They even wished to see Poland restored to a national existence. Without trenching on politics, which are avoided in the A.R.L.S., I venture in conclusion to predict that any distrust, which may still exist between English and Russians, will vanish on both sides and give place to mutual confidence, productive of the greatest and most beneficial results.

MR. CAZALET (the President) thought that the opinions of eminent Russians, like the late talented critic Alexander

Petrovich Milukov* (not Professor P. Milyoukov with whom he has sometimes been confounded), deserve the notice of impartial English people :—

Homiakov is the poet of national life and the bard of Panslavism, who preaches the fraternity of all Slavonian tribes under the leadership of Russia. He believes in their vital strength and great future calling, also in their regeneration when undue foreign influence and internal dissensions of the various tribes will cease. The poet thinks they will all be consolidated in a general family alliance "like brothers the children of one mother," and he, of course, allots the principal and commanding position to Russia, in whom, he adds, must be mingled, as in the sea, all the streams of Slavonian nationality.

"In her breast," says the poet, "there is a spring which will quench the spiritual thirst of these peoples." He calls

*MR CAZALET sent the following Obituary Notice of his old Russian teacher to the *Literary World* of 26th February, 1897 :—

Russian literature has sustained a great loss by the death of one of its veterans—Alexander Petrovitch Milukov—born in 1817, and educated in the St. Petersburg University. He had special gifts as a professor of literature, and was a favourite teacher in the higher classes of the principal schools. The "Historical Sketch of Russian Poetry," which first appeared in 1847, ran through several editions, and served as a text-book for more than one generation. He contributed numerous articles on historical and literary subjects, mostly of a critical character, to the leading papers and periodicals of the day. At various times he edited *The Torch* and *The Son of the Fatherland*, and assisted T. M. Dostoiévski (the brother of the famous author) in editing *The Epoch*. Milukov's more voluminous works are worthy of note: "The Czar's Wedding," a novel of the time of Ivan the Terrible, written in the language of that period; "Narratives of Daily Life," "Stories and Reminiscences of Travel," "Echoes of Literature and Public Events," "Travels in Russia," "Athens and Constantinople." His "Memoirs" and "Literary Encounters and Acquaintances" appeared in *The Historical Messenger*. He knew Gogol, and was in touch with the leading authors of the day at the time of the liberation of the serfs, and the period just preceding that great event. But it was especially as a critic and a man of wit that the deceased was remarkable. It was the good fortune of the one who writes these lines to have been the pupil of this genial and talented teacher, and to have been present when the novelists, Danilevski, Vsevolod Krestovski, and others used to come to him for advice before finally giving their works to the publishers. He got many young students out of political and other troubles so common in Russia.

on Russia to perform the high deed, which she must accomplish for the glory of the Slavonic world, and for the good of humanity. Neither strength nor arms, he thinks, are wanted, but "truth and spiritual unity of love." But, he adds, that the Russian peoples must free themselves from self-seduction, from a spirit of antagonism and apathy, washing themselves in the waters of repentance, and with a soul bowed down in prayer, they must heal with the balm of tears the wounds of a corrupt conscience." He believes in the power of international love, and from this idea he draws his most expressive images and brightest colours. Sometimes he describes Russia as a shining light, while at other times he paints her in the darkest colours, which recall the austere denunciations of the prophets against the chosen people, labouring under their sins and iniquities.

The substance of Homiakov's idea is, that in the Russian nation lie dormant, young and vigorous powers which might form the basis of a great and noble existence; but the march of historical events, and the overwhelming influence of an alien civilization prevent their normal development and maturity. Some of his verses humbly admit the weakness and vices of the people, while other passages exhibit the pride of a nation, which considers itself the chosen vessel of the Almighty, and in which lie hidden the spiritual wealth and high aspirations of all humanity for future happiness.

He expresses the thought that destruction awaits the very existence of Western Europe. Its power, glory, arts and sciences have passed away never again to return. He speaks of the West as of something which is already dead, but not yet buried, and it is in the humble East, which he admits is "full of sloth and falsehood," that he imagines are treasured up the springs of living faith and of a new and higher existence.

He predicts the destruction of Europe, and first of all of "perfidious Albion, which, notwithstanding its might and wealth, already totters over the abyss with the death-rattle rising to its throat."

This enthusiastic representative of the Slavophil party shows power and originality in his bold verse. Strong religious convictions, faith in, and love of, orthodoxy and Russia form the basis of his teaching and philosophy.

In the Russian nation, Homiakov thought he had discovered the nucleus and the earnest for the realization of an ideal world-wide Christian community. Even those doubting the practicability of his poetical theory must respect the whole-hearted and single-minded man, who has perhaps been insufficiently admired in Russia, and still less appreciated abroad.

The 'CHAIRMAN thanked the lecturer and the speakers for their interesting communications. He considered Slavophilism the natural reaction after exaggerated imitation of the West.

He had met the famous Slavophiles, Samarin and Aksakov in Russia, and he admired the pure life and poetical genius of Homiakov.*

*Satisfactory English translations of Russian papers, speeches, and theological dissertations should be provided by the Authors themselves (if they wish their communications to be printed), as the A. R. L. S. cannot continue to do this extra work.

APRIL 6TH, 1897.—The PRESIDENT in the chair.

OBSERVATIONS ON SOME OF THE WOMEN OF TURGUENIEV.

By MISS GERTRUDE SHEPHERD.

THERE is the greater pleasure in recalling to memory some of the famous women of Turgueniev, that, but for them, even the exquisite art and the vigour of his masterpieces could not efface their impressions of immutable melancholy. There could, also, be no clearer vindication for him from the charge of being cynical or pessimistic than the reverence with which he writes of his women and the part that they play in his novels.

It is a commonplace of literature to describe the influence of woman in politics. Her fascinating and ready sympathy, her quickness of wit, her skill in gaining subsidiary victories, her courage and self-devotion have awakened enthusiasm constantly in novelists and historians. Turgueniev does not ignore such attributes, but they are little in his mind; and those of his women who occupy themselves actively with political affairs are not his favourites. Generally speaking, they are either roughened, like the splendid Mashúrina in "Virgin Soil," or they are, naturally, coarse and vulgar, like Madame Kukskin in "Fathers and Sons," and Madame Suhantchikov in "Smoke"; or they are "political" merely as a pastime, and for the pleasure of saying clever things among clever people, and gaining a reputation for brilliancy in Moscow or St. Petersburg, like Darya Mihailovna, the

mother of Nathalya. Even Marianna is no exception to this rule, for she renounced political agitation before she had begun it.

Turgueniev looked to women for a different influence. Devotedly as he laboured for years for the emancipation of the serfs, he had no illusions as to bringing about a millennium for Russia by Imperial decrees. Till the different political partisans could declare definitely what they desired, he felt recrimination to be suicidal, conversational sublimities unpractical, and philosophy mystifying. A revolution of circumstances, unreasoned, temporary, and out of the natural development of events, could only harm the country. He was disenchanted; perhaps from the very sensitiveness of his sympathy he understood too much, saw the lack in his countrymen of qualities the presence of which a more stupid mind would have taken for granted, set a high ideal before Russia, and sternly insisted on it with all the force of his literary expression, but without hope that it would shortly be realised. The first change that he wished to see was in the hearts of men. To those who were enthusiastic—even to fanaticism—but confused by much thinking, to those contented to adopt a fashionable tone of nationalism and call themselves patriots, *la patrie avant tout*—to the triflers, the cowards, the frivolous, the pretentious, he urged the same duty, “Be true to yourself.” The weakness of his country, he declared, was in itself not its arrangements, and the strength required must be an accumulation of the strength of individuals.

It is probable that Turgueniev exaggerated much of this weakness, or took it too seriously. He was too much interested to judge the case dispassionately, and forgot that “there is no smoke without fire.” It would be easy to undertake the defence of the Russia of forty years ago against her too-exacting well-wishers. But that would be a

digression. It is only to be observed here that the moral qualities which Turgueniev required in his male characters he places in his good women. They are strong in principle, single-hearted, resigned in the midst of verbiage, self-consciousness, indecision and discontent. The most obvious and pathetic instance of this is, of course, in the contrasted natures of Nathalya and Rudin. She listens to his discourses with no idea that they have no practical application to themselves. She takes him simply at his word. When he speaks of love, and says:—

“Love is not for me. . . . A woman who loves has a right to demand the whole of a man, and I can never now give the whole of myself, etc.”

Nathalya replies :

“I understand that one who is bent on a lofty aim must not think of himself ; but cannot a woman be capable of appreciating such a man ? I should have thought, on the contrary, that a woman would sooner be repelled by an egoist. Believe me, a woman is not only able to value self-sacrifice, she can sacrifice herself.”

Later she had to say to him :

“For the future, pray keep a watch upon your words. Do not fling them about at hazard. When I said to you, ‘I love you,’ I knew what that word meant, I was ready for everything.”

This is only a different use of the moral quality that Solómin recognized, when he said to Marianna :

“You can wash the pots, pluck the fowls, and perhaps some day—who knows ?—you will save the country.”

“You are laughing at me Vasfli Fedótitch !” “My dear Marianna, believe me, I am not laughing at you ; my words are the plain truth. You Russian women are already greater and nobler than we men.”

It is, perhaps, on this account—because Turgueniev puts his hope for his country in the character of individuals—that contemporary life and the difficulties of Russia in the last generation are of less interest in his novels than the persons therein, independently of circumstances. The social

and mental conditions represented in them are now, to some extent, superseded, and the ambitions gained or lost by now. But the people who acted are as close to us as ever, though the scope of their activity has altered. And although his glimpses of old-world and contemporary life in Russia and his wonderful descriptions of nature—especially of woods, gardens, and the weather—place even those who know nothing of Russia in the very surroundings of his characters; yet, even were this revelation of circumstances less perfect, it would not blur the impression which the characters themselves make upon us. Turgueniev is a creator, not a constructor. He does not invite us to a psychological exhibition, but relates to us his acquaintance with living men and women. A striking instance of this method is in regard to Sipiágin in "Virgin Soil." He is introduced with a few clear words of explanation and then takes his own course through the novel. Turgueniev does not pause to discuss him, but describes his behaviour on each occasion with a gentle, merciless amusement, too ironical to be kind, yet just in bearing testimony to his ability and sterling qualities.

It is thus, also, in the case of Alexandra Lipin in "Rudin." The reader is not informed that this was a woman of the sweetest and most womanly nature, generous, frank, tender, modest, hot in the defence of her friends, yet of sound judgment and common sense. These qualities shew themselves in her conduct, so that even the reader is almost obliged to consider before he can say why it is that the few pages in which she appears are so pleasant.

"Let's light our pipes and call Alexandra Pavlovna in here," says her lover to her brother, when both are exasperated—and Volintsev unhappy—almost beyond endurance, "It's easier to talk when she's with us and easier to be silent. She shall make us some tea."

"Very well," replied Volintsev. "Sasha, come in," he cried aloud.

Turgueniev treats even his principal characters in much the same way, giving minute particulars of their appearance

and of the persons and events concerned in their education, but devoting as much description to the ancestors of the hero as to the hero himself, beginning, perhaps, with his great-grandfather, and, carried away as by a flood of reminiscences, not omitting aunts and cousins in the survey of the family.

A few of the male characters are a little confusing at first—the reader does not take the impression at once—but the women of Turgueniev are wonderfully alive. They surprise, touch, and shock us, and it is impossible to feel that they are no more when the book is closed. We all but wonder whether, in the ancient B. Convent, an aged woman still remembers, if a breath of lilac is wafted to her from altar or enclosed garden, how freshly it mingled with the “almost insolently” loud song of the nightingale, pouring in through the open window one night when she and Lavretski dared not be alone together because of the joy and dread in their hearts; or if the sunlight, dancing on her bare cell, ever recalls to her the flash of the silver carp, when she stood beside Lavretski under the golden shelter of the laburnum by the pond at Vasilievskoe. Probably, such unguarded moments were few with Lisa when the first struggle for self-control was over. Lavretski might well ask, when she spoke of their “punishment,” “For what can *you*, at all events, have been punished?” But her stern purity had been wounded, she felt herself culpable, and would offer herself completely to ascetic self-suppression.

The womanly modesty that distinguishes Lisa and Nathalya is completely devoid of prudery, and Turgueniev has such tender and acute sympathy with both of them, that far from dwelling on their trouble, he seems even to hurry over it, as if to tell their secret were a sort of sacrilege. In the case of Nathalya he is less reticent than in the tragedy of Lisa’s story, but not less gentle and respectful. This art

of suggesting so much in a few sentences is, perhaps, hardly to be reproduced in translations. Turgueniev forces nothing, and if some of his English readers have found him lacking in crispness and effect, it is probably because his marvellous delicacy in conveying the proper impression is not perceptible in English. Even in Russian, his principal women could not be appreciated till the book had been read two or three times. Another instance of this lightness of touch is the character of Elena in "On the Eve." This strange, grave girl is burning with love of the poor, the outcast, the oppressed, yet half a dreamer, and dreamily cruel towards those who loved her most; pitiless in judgment, yet humble; passionate even to unmaidenliness, yet cold; self-absorbed—yet she devoted her life to another with magnificent decision. In the same way we are shown how, under the influence of great happiness, she grows merry; takes an interest in small matters, observing not to reflect but to impart; ceases to note her feelings in a diary, and gives herself up to feeling. Elena was a woman full of love, and her inarticulate longings were satisfied in her union with Insaroff. As to his actual political aspirations they were probably far less magnetic in the affair than either of them supposed. Elena was more interested in his romantic history and his self-devotion than in the "Cause" itself. However, she did not realize it, and even if she had done so would not have acted differently—continuing to study Bulgarian like a good wife, and to receive unwashed conspirators with undiminished enthusiasm. It was otherwise with Marianna, whose heart was in the "Cause," and to whom love was a secondary and quieter feeling.

So comprehensive is the sympathy of Turgueniev and so great his creative force, that, of all the women whom he introduces, each has her separate personality. If he daringly makes them strikingly similar in character and circumstances,

there is no danger that the reader will confuse the individuals: when he describes women as different as Madame Odintsov in "Fathers and Sons" and Musa in "Punin and Babúrin," he understands both of them. Possibly, some of his peasant-women are too nearly like ladies, but that is not an artistic blemish. Very few of his women are vulgar; but it is very strange that the only women whom he almost always makes either vulgar, foolish or otherwise unamiable are the elderly. Some of his old ladies are charming—Marfa Timofeevna, for instance, in "A Nest of Gentlefolks," and the mother of Bazarov—but these are exceptions. Most of the old-fashioned great ladies are very hard and cruel, and almost all are unamiable; such are the Princess — in "First Love," the grandmother in "Punin and Babúrin," and the mistress in "Mumii." There is hardly any instance of confidential affection between mother and daughter (for the influence exercised upon Viera by her mother in "Faust" cannot be called so), except, perhaps, in the case of Frau Lenore and Gemma, in "Spring Floods," where the women, not being Russian, have not so great an interest for us. Moreover, this novel cannot be reckoned as among the best of Turgueniev. This lack is the more noticeable because of the intimacy represented time after time as existing between father and son. It is not invariably the fault of the older woman—Elena, at least, made a small and ungrateful return for her mother's unselfish devotion—but it is not the less obvious that, whereas Turgueniev has a warmer sympathy with the men of the old generation than with their successors, with women his sympathies seem to be reversed. The mother of Nathalya is a blue stocking; the mother of Lisa is silly; and Valentina, the aunt of Marianna, is an eavesdropper; while all three are thoroughly egotistical, worldly and cold-hearted. The consequence is that we notice a blank in

what has been called the "gallery of beautiful women" of Turgueniev.

Besides the best women of Turgueniev, there are others less good but almost as charming as any. Madame Odintsov would be astonished at not being classed among the best of women, but would hardly have appropriated the "great and noble" of Solomin. There is something in her coldness that is not unlike Valentina; but she was devoid of the affectation and vulgarity that disgusted Turgueniev in the other; and after her early privations, her adventures, her dreary, wealthy marriage, she need not be too severely blamed for setting a great value on tranquillity. Nor was Bazarov such a man, nor his love of such a kind, as would be likely to attract a composed, clever, refined woman of the world. In "Fathers' and Sons," it is the fathers, who know how to fall in love properly. Lisa with her awkward grace and "no words of her own," and Nathalya who "might fail to please at first sight," could never have exercised the same charm as Madame Odintsov, with her gentle, intelligent conversation, her stately movements, her beautiful face and quiet decision.

Irina, perhaps the most fascinating of all the heroines of Turgueniev, is unlike all the others. She was not a good woman, but inspires the reader with nothing so strongly as admiration and pity. It is so from her childhood. The sordid poverty that Valentina had borne so gaily and bravely, and that Marianna and Mashurina had embraced with enthusiasm, was misery to the proud, sensitive Irina, to whom it meant insults and abuse from servants and tradesmen, discontent, isolation and monotony. If any smile, it should be very gently, at the memory of a scene at the beginning of "Smoke," when Litvinov enters to find her in a passion of unhappiness, tears in her wonderful grey eyes with greenish lights, her fair hair, with its strange

mingling of shades, in disorder,—her narrow, girlish shoulders bent over her hands.

When he asked her the cause of her grief, she pointed with her finger to her bosom without speaking. Litvinov gave an involuntary shiver. Consumption! flashed through his brain and he seized her hand. "Are you ill, Irina?" he articulated in a shaking voice (they had already begun on great occasions to call each other by their first names). "Let me go at once for a doctor." But Irina did not let him finish; she stamped her foot in vexation. "I am perfectly well—but this dress—don't you understand."

"What is it? this dress," he repeated in bewilderment.

"What is it? why, that I have no other, and that it is old and disgusting, and I am obliged to put on this dress every day—even when you, Grisha-Grigory, come here. You will leave off loving me at last, seeing me in such a filthy rag." "For goodness sake, Irina, what are you saying? that dress is very nice. It is dear to me because I saw you for the first time in it, darling."

Irina blushed.

"Do not remind me, if you please, Grigory Mihalovitch, that I had no other dress even then."

"But I assure you, Irina Pavlovna, it suits you so exquisitely."

"No, it is horrid, horrid," she persisted, nervously pulling at her long soft curls. "'Ugh, this poverty, poverty and squalor! How is one to escape from such sordidness! How get out of this squalor! . . . All at once, Irina jumped from her chair and laid both hands on his shoulders. . . . Her eyes, still filled with tears, sparkled with the light of happiness. "You love me, dear, even in this horrid dress?"

It was a girlish trouble, but Irina, though weak, was not shallow. This trifle was only part of what was no trifle to her, that all her ambitions were crushed and taunted by circumstances; that she was most beautiful, witty and charming, and that the world where she would have felt at home, and that would have admired and appreciated her, was absolutely closed on her. It is pathetic to see how, after the hard struggle with her pride, she was forced to confess her love for the poor plebeian student, how precious he was to her, and how she dreaded the temptation to be once more roused to discontent and ambition by the fatal Court ball.

Twice she had to choose between ambition and love, and on both occasions, she made her own unhappiness by attempting to compromise. She left Litvinov to go to St. Petersburg, but she continued to think of him. Ten years later she greeted him with just the old imperious eagerness, claimed his love again, and again, when it came to the point, could not forego her place in society. She dared not go away with him, and because he would not stay with her she grew hard, older, a bitter, cruel, selfish woman, but still charming, and more to be pitied than ever. Fate had given her too much and not enough.

It is always interesting to speculate on the influences of nationality on character; and although the inner life of men and women is strangely alike in all the civilized world, we who are inclined to boast of our English women must not grudge to the women of Turgueniev the quality of being peculiarly Russian.

It is said that Russian girls enjoy a greater extent of liberty than those of most countries, and this is borne out by the novels of Turgueniev. In mere social intercourse, his girls have what English girls of that period would have thought an unusual degree of independence; but that is little compared with the greater mental independence of the Russian women. The difference is, probably, largely attributable to the overwhelming influence of public opinion in our small and densely populated country, and the mental solitude brought about by the isolation of Russian girls of all classes, whether sheltered in a "nest of gentlefolks" or in the peasants' huts of the villages.

An English girl, apart from her actual education, is likely to adopt a habit of mind from constant intercourse with friends and equals. Take, for instance, the girls of George Eliot—such as Dorothea and Celia Brooke; the girls of Mrs. Gaskell, of Harriet Martineau, of George Meredith.

Greatly as they differ from one another, the same standard may be applied to all; they were born in a land whose principles had been habits for generations, the ideal is far off, but the way to it is clear and well-trodden. Except to the unhappy in temperament and the very unfortunate in circumstances, the habit of friendship is formed by English-women, naturally, as feelings and thoughts develop and interests increase. Possibly none of the women just mentioned could *love* with such intensity as the women of Turgueniev, but they seem to have given *sympathy* more easily and more warmly moreover, they took more for granted, and perhaps owed to that their happier natures. As the eyes of sailors acquire a new expression from gazing over immense distances, those who take their mental way through illimitable truths look with new eyes at the details at their feet.

It is not, therefore, very surprising that the only English novelist whose women recall those of Turgueniev should be she who had as little in common with him as if they had belonged to different worlds—Charlotte Bronte. In spite of her lurid and overpowering force; the unpitiful self-revelations to which she condemns her characters; and her ignorant and absurd treatment of events there is something in the isolation and unconventionality of her women that, reminding us of the solitary Haworth rectory, recalls also the Russian plains.

It would be easy to go on enumerating charms that are inexhaustible. It was said, lately, to the Anglo-Russian Society, that, in Russia, Turgueniev has been allowed to sink into comparative oblivion. If this be so, as the lecturer added, it can be only for a time. For the women of Russia will not, surely, let the world forget that this most generous, honest and chivalrous exponent of their sex was a countryman of their own.

After a discussion, which brought out the admirable study Miss Shepherd had made of the great writer, the President expressed the best thanks of the Society to the authoress of the fascinating paper, and to Mr. E. D. Morgan, for having so obligingly read it in her absence.

NOTICES.

Contrary to the Rules of the A.R.L.S. several members have not paid their subscriptions (some have not paid for a couple of years); they are, therefore, kindly requested to pay, or to return their Cards, which serve as receipts, and should not be kept by those who desire to resign their membership.

It is to be hoped that members will do the needful without delay, and spare the A.R.L.S. correspondence on this question.

The following papers are in reserve for future meetings :

“Pisarev,” by H. Havelock.

“A Russian traveller’s impressions of France a hundred and twenty years ago,” by Von Vizin, from the Russian, by L. B. Bowring.

“An Englishman’s Russian Newspaper at Moscow,” by W. J. Rivington.

Lectures on Russian Art and Music are also expected.

Patrons

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II.

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPRESS ALEXANDRA
FEODOROVNA.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SAXE COBURG GOTHA
AND EDINBURGH.

HER ROYAL AND IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF SAXE
COBURG GOTHA AND EDINBURGH.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

(Corrected up to the 15th April, 1897).

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE CESAREVITCH.

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE SERGE.

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE PAUL.

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.
(President of the Imperial Academy of Sciences), H. M.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| *423 Abamelek, Princess A. I. | 442 Barry, Miss |
| 194 Abrikossoff, N. A. | 209 Beaulieu, Leroy |
| 93 Adams, W. A., Capt. | 489 Belaieff, Miss |
| 140 Alexandrenko, Professor B. | 121 Benardaky, N. |
| 312 Amalitsky, Professor | 288 Benzler, E. |
| 287 Anderson, Sir W. | 463 Bezant, I. A. |
| 5 Anichkoff, E. | Biddulph, General Sir Robert
(H. M.) |
| 137 Annenkoff, General M. N. | 286 Bigg-Wither, Rev. R. F. |
| 323 Antonini, M. | 55 Birch, Miss A. |
| 395 Antrobus, Miss L. | 164 Birkbeck, W. J. |
| 371 Anuchin, D. Academician | 300 Black, Lt. W. C. |
| 325 Armstrong, Lt., R.E. | 15 Blaramberg, T. |
| 114 Arsenieff, Admiral | 515 Bobroff, A. |
| 255 Aschkenasy, S.E. | 294 Bode, Baron |
| 481 Bagenaky, A. F. | 278 Bondesen, C. P. M. |
| 218 Bajenoff Z. I. | 399 Borgström, Miss Sylvia |
| 474 Baer, I. | 319 Borthwick, Mrs. |
| 264 Bale, Edwin. | 142 Borzenko, A. |
| 503 Balmforth, C. E. | 153 Bouteneff, C. A. |
| 25 Baratsinsky, Madame C. | 238 Bouteneff, Count
Chreptovitch |
| 441 Barry, Mrs. | |

* Numbers corresponding to those on member's cards.

(H. M.) means *Honorary Member*. (L. M.) means *Life Member*, who has compounded, i.e., paid £10, or 100 Roubles once for all. (Cor.) means *Correspondent*.

- 458 Bontourlin, General S. S.
 502 Bowring, L. B.
 213 Brandt, R. T.
 272 Bredikin, T. A., Academician
 89 Bridge, Capt. W. Cyprian
 138 Brown, H. F.
 173 Brown, H. G. A.
 25 Brulloff, P. A.
 479 Burdon, E. G.
 501 Burkinyoung, F. F.
 511 Butler, G. G.
- 184 Campbell, Capt. E. A.
 252 Campioni, Mme.
 379 Carlow, Countess
 337 Carr, Henry
 178 Casgrain, Capt.
 315 Cassavetti, Mme.
 426 Cattley, O.
 410 Cazalet, Mrs.
 51 Cazalet, E. A.
 24 Cazalet, W. L.
 72 Chicherin, Madame
 275 Clarke, A. F.
 276 Clarke, A. F., Junr.
 113 Clemow, Dr. F.
 402 Coolidge, A. C.
 327 Corcoran, S. Vincent
 509 Cox, Miss F. de Z.
 380 Crane, C. R.
 109 Cuninghame, W. M.
 108 Cuppage, Captain W. A.
- 498 Diabrowe, Miss
 58 Davis, Colonel John
 271 Davis, Mrs.
 91 Dewrance, John
 101 Dickins, Harry C.
 488 Djanshiev, G. A.
- 308 Dobson, G.
 356 Dolbeshoff, Miss
 302 Dolgorouky, Princess A.
 111 Drake-Brockman, Capt. P. W.
 431 Dunsterville, Capt. L. C.
- 323 Edwards, B. W.
 268 Elphinstone, Sir Nicholas, Bart.
 353 Enchevich, Captain M.
 484 Ershoff, Mrs. de
 480 Erskine, The Hon. S.
 375 Evreinow, Senator G. A.
- 197 Fairbanks, Mrs.
 195 Fairholme, G. F.
 339 Ferguson, Lieut. V.
 459 Filippoff, T. I., Comptroller of the Empire.
 99 Filmore, Captain H. C.
 78 Fontanier, R. D. de
 382 Ford, Rev. E. W.
 132 Fortescue, Mrs. Knottesford
 138 Fortescue, Miss Knottesford
 456 Fox, Miss W. H.
 200 Fredericks, Baron V. P.
 374 Freuer, Miss
 237 Friedensfreunde, (Austrian Peace Society.)
 32 Froom, E. C.
- 162 Gaidebouroff, V. P.
 26 Galitzine, Prince B. B.
 126 Galkine-Vraskoy, M. N.
 462 Galtsoff, S.
 382 Gaussen, Mrs. F.
 383 Gaussen, Miss A.
 189 Gebler, B. A.
 201 Geoghegan, S., 6th Bur. Rt.
 98 Gerard, Major-Genl. M. G.

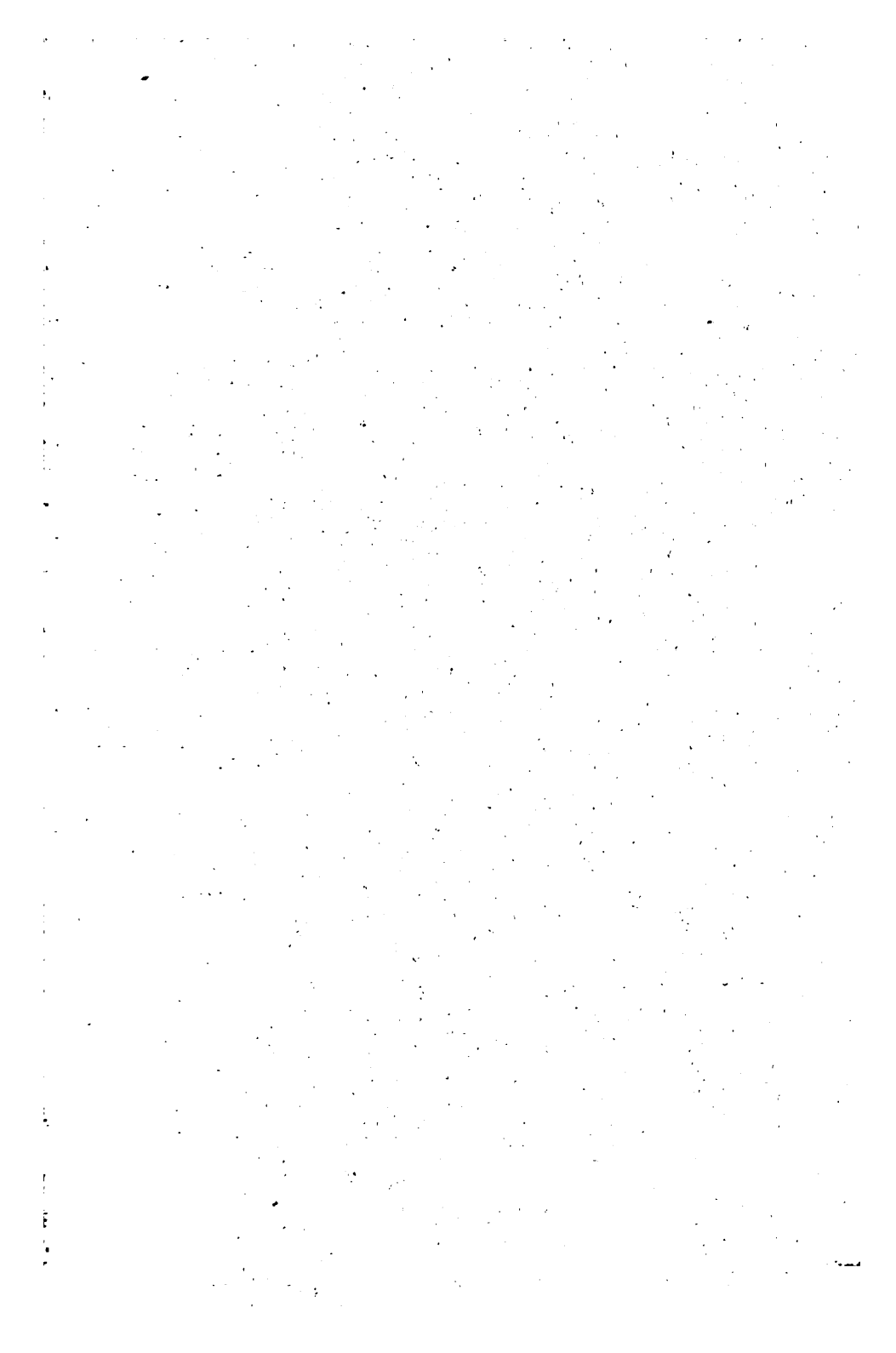
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| 448 Girard, Capt. | 233 Ilovaiski, Professor S. I. |
| 385 Gitkoff, Admiral A. V. | 392 Irby, Miss P. |
| 311 Goldsmith, G. E. | 455 Isaiev, Professor |
| 360 Goulaeff, E. E. | 1 Ivanoff, F. |
| 13 Gourovich, B. S. | 168 Ives, Miss |
| 182 Grazinaky, V. | |
| 493 Grenfell, General Sir F. | |
| 207 Grigorovitch, D. V. | |
| 494 Grigorovitch, Capt. T. C.,
Naval Attaché. | 33 Jones, Rev. Hartwell |
| 492 Grinmuth, Mr. de | |
| 47 Grot, Professor C. (Cor) | |
| 48 Grot, Mrs. | |
| 148 Grot, Professor N. (Cor) | 357 Kamensky, G. |
| 291 Gutschow, L. A. | 82 Kapnist, Count D. M. |
| 190 Gwynne, J. | 143 Kapustine, M. N. |
| | 416 Karsakoff, Mrs. E. |
| | 318 Katchanovsky, Professor |
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| 284 Havelock-Allan, General Sir
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| 108 Havelock, H., M.A. | 454 Kelmar, Miss |
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| 450 Hilliard, R. | 299 Kotz, Mme. Von |
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| 70 Hodgetts, E. A. Brayley | 497 Koulomzine, A. N. |
| 71 Hodgetts, Miss | 408 Koutayssow, Countess E. |
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| 8 Homiakoff, N. | 370 Kouznezoff, G. K. |
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| | 419 Krohn, W. |
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| | 204 Kroupensky, M. |
| 227 Iaroshenko, N. V. | 500 Kunick, Acadn, A. A. |
| | 166 Kuzmin-Koroveeff, V. L. |

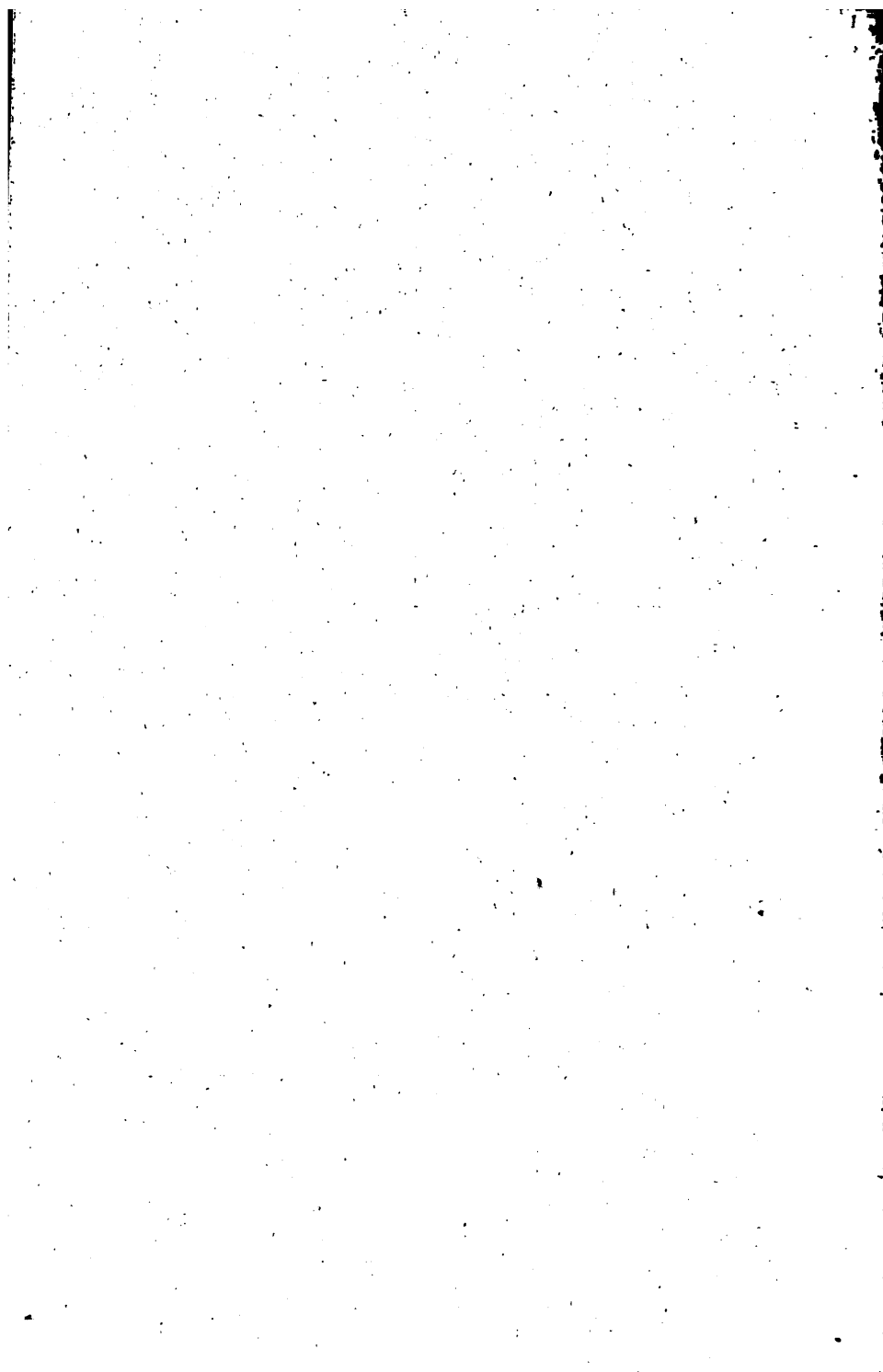
- 45 Labzine, M.
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 417 Lawrence, Sir Henry, Bart.
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 141 Mackenzie, Miss Jessie
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 22 Mirrieles, A.
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 301 Sisley, Dr.
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 90 Thompson, Rev. A. S.
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 61 Thornton, T. (L. M.)
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| 42 Tschelnokoff, S. V. | 184 Wesselitsky-Bojidarovitch,
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| 210 Vogüé, Vicomte de | 280 Wolley, Clive Phillipa. |
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